

The Nation

Vol. XXXI., No. 16.]

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1922.

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Events of the Week.

THE Hague Conference has failed, as most observers predicted, and the Dutch President on Wednesday proposed to bring it to an end. It has been less fully reported than Genoa, and we find it hard to decide whether, in addition to the usual French sabotage, the Russians may fairly be blamed for its collapse. To our thinking even the more liberally minded delegates, though they doubtless meant well, paid far too much attention to Russian industry. It was always a feeble and artificial growth. The real problem is the revival of Russian agriculture, with transport as a secondary, yet vital, chapter. Is Europe prepared to find the capital for the opening up of Russia's food resources, on a scale which in a few years might end her disastrous dependence on America? That means credits, and for insisting on this we do not think the Russians can be blamed. They did not care whether the money came from States or from private sources, but they were not prepared to see the Russian State elbowed aside. They rightly rejected the French condition that foreign interests should manage the Russian railways. We trust that the way is now open for separate dealings between Russia and the more Liberal Powers.

NONE the less, it is clear that a big swing to the Left has occurred in Russia since Genoa, and perhaps because of Genoa. Another reason is that an unexpectedly good harvest has stimulated over-confidence. The first symptom was the rejection of the Trade Agreement which Chicherin had negotiated with Italy. The next was his absence from The Hague, the late arrival of the moderate Krassin, and the prominence of the Left-minded Litvinoff. Simultaneously the painful tragi-comedy of the trial of the Social Revolutionary leaders was enacted in Moscow. To try them may have been proper. Members of their party had attempted to murder Lenin, and in the old days this party had always defended and even advocated political murder. It was not extravagant to accuse it of some responsibility. But the trial has been a scandalous farce, and one may fairly say of it that it has been nothing but a tumultuous party demonstration. If these leaders are condemned and executed, Moscow will be regarded with a wholly new disgust by many who have defended Soviet Russia against its foes of the Right.

NOR is this all. We do not criticize the Soviet Government for the order appropriating the gold and jewels, so lavishly displayed in Russian churches, for the relief of the Volga famine. The need was desperately urgent, and the Church would do well to ask whether its pious decorations are more sacred than the Sabbath which was made for man. But the feelings of Orthodox priests who think otherwise deserve respect. It was one thing to overbear their resistance, and another to punish them. The death sentences passed on the Metropolitan of Petrograd and others are a brutal outrage, even if they are not actually carried out. The proposal to try the Patriarch Tikhon strikes us as infatuated folly. The Revolution is in much greater danger if it tries to enslave the Church than it was when it challenged the landlords in order to liberate the land. "Qui mange du Pape en meurt," is a sound proverb, based on the experience of the other great revolution. All these many follies may be due to Lenin's illness and his absence from the seat of power. They bode worse for the future of Soviet Russia than all the attacks from without.

THE Government, having no plan for a "reform" of the House of Lords, and knowing that if they had it would destroy them, have "tabled" an agenda for a debate on the Upper Chamber and called it one. It is a variant of Lord Lansdowne's resolutions, only more reactionary. The new resolutions propose a mixed Assembly of 350 members, consisting (in unstated proportions) of the old elements (Princes, Bishops, Law Lords, and hereditary Peers) and a body of elected or nominated members, eligible for "re-election," including the nominated ones. To this Assembly is given a kind of nibbling power at finance, the sole decision of the Speaker as to whether a Bill is a Money Bill or not being taken from him and given over to a Joint Standing Committee of both Houses, with the Speaker in the chair. Thus the new House, redeemed from black sheep and merely negligible peers, and quite possibly turned into a very considerable and intellectually powerful assembly, is given a chance of recovering some part at least of the power of which the Parliament Act deprived the existing House of Lords.

A MORE serious point of the new policy (should it ever materialize) is its attempt to establish the House of Lords for ever and ever, by giving it a veto on all future proposals for its reform or abolition, and fixing its proposed constitution on the country. This is an interesting test of the "Liberalism" of the Prime Minister. Not so many years ago he was for abolishing the House of Lords by insult. Now he hands it the material for a perpetual fortification against democracy. The fundamental fact about the Lords, from the Liberal or the Radical point of view, is that it is intolerable as long as it is in any sense equipollent with the House of Commons, or possesses the numbers, and the social power and dignity, which enable it to pose as a second legislative authority. All plans running in this direction exist for the endowment of property, and for no other political reason whatever. This is the "idea" of the resolutions. Ideal they are likely to remain for many a year to come.

THE rebellion in Dublin is suppressed. One by one the buildings and hotels which the rebels had seized in Sackville Street were reduced, and in the last encounter Mr. Cathal Brugha was mortally wounded. He refused to surrender, and the rebels have lost in him their most redoubtable leader, for he had won a great reputation for personal courage in the Easter rising, and he was much more direct and uncompromising in his politics than Mr. de Valera. There have been many rumors about Mr. de Valera and Mr. Childers—it is said of the former that he has escaped to the United States, but nothing is known for certain, save that his career is now sunk in discredit—it is significant that neither of them attended Mr. Brugha's funeral. In other parts of Ireland fighting is proceeding; but it is clear that there is no organized rebellion on any considerable scale. The Free State soldiers have made an excellent impression by their self-control, moderation, and courage, and their bravery is an excellent augury for the future of the force which the Government is now raising for keeping order. There has been an excellent response to the call for volunteers. The Free State forces had four officers and twelve men killed in the Dublin fighting; eight officers and 112 men wounded. The civilian losses, which may include some rebel casualties, are forty-nine killed and 161 wounded. In Belfast things have taken a turn for the better, and there has been a marked decline in the records of violence. There is no doubt that the success of the Government in the South will improve the situation in the North. The Dáil is not to meet for a fortnight, by which time the Provisional Government may hope to see the beginning of the end of the Irish strife.

WE publish in our correspondence columns an open letter from Miss MacSwiney to the British people. With a great deal that she says we are in agreement, for we hold, as we have always held, that the British people have no right to threaten Ireland with force, and, as Miss MacSwiney knows, we condemned the Partition Act and the whole policy of coercion. But Miss MacSwiney, like many Republicans, overlooks a very important aspect of the problem, and we can imagine an Englishman who accepts her argument writing an open letter to the Irish Republicans on the following lines:—

FOR Ireland to attempt to force the majority of the Six Counties into a Republic would mean a desperate civil war; the minority would appeal not only to the sympathy of the British people, but to the sympathy of the world with great effect in resisting the loss of their British citizenship; a nation which started on its career with such a quarrel would bring disgrace on its name if not irretrievable ruin on its fortunes; the wise and patriotic policy is clearly to try to persuade Ulster to throw in her lot with Ireland; Irish history shows that with patience this may be effected; the Treaty which gives Ireland as complete a freedom to arrange her own Government as that enjoyed by any nation gives her the opportunity of bringing the minority into agreement with the rest of Ireland without force; there is no alternative scheme, and therefore an Irish Republican who took long views and large views would vote for the Treaty, even if England had made no threats, simply on Irish grounds, because it was the most hopeful plan for achieving Ireland's ultimate unity and independence. "The majority party of the so-called Six Counties area have nothing to fear from their fellow Irishmen." Let Irishmen show their fellow Irishmen—as we think they can—that this is true, and their task is accomplished. But those Republicans who blow up the Law Courts of their own land and try

to convince the world, by murder and arson, that the spirit of anarchy is native to Ireland and not, as was supposed, the product of English misgovernment, choose a strange method of allaying the misgivings of the North.

ONE of the now familiar fits of depression seized the German mark last week, and after a period of comparatively slow decline, it dropped from 1,600 to the £ to over 2,400—ten a penny. There has since been a rally, and as we write it is quoted at a little under 2,000—approaching a hundredth part of its pre-war value. It dragged the Austrian krone with it as low as 112,000, and both the franc, which fell from 52 to 57, and the lira felt the shock. The mechanical cause of the fall was no doubt the steady sale of marks by the German Government to buy gold for the indemnity payment due to-day, followed, as it must be, by further printing. But more potent, doubtless, was the mental depression caused by the failure of the Bankers' Conference and the unyielding speech by M. Poincaré which we noted last week. Another influence, though we think only a secondary one, was the murder of Rathenau, which seemed at the moment to have little effect on the course of the mark. The rally in the present week was doubtless due to better news as to the intentions of the Reparations Commission. For this last collapse, though it is not really more catastrophic than several which have preceded it, has had its influence on the imagination of public opinion in all the Allied countries, even in France. The general opinion is clearly for saving Germany before it be too late.

THE immediate responsibility lies with the Reparations Commission. The German Government told it that, while it had the cash in hand for the July payment (£2,500,000), it believed that ruin would follow if it were handed over, and that thereafter no further cash payments at all would be possible. The British delegates, with Italian and Belgian support, then proposed (1) that this payment be reduced to £1,605,000 and delayed for a few days, and (2) that a moratorium from all further cash payments be granted for two or three years. The French dissented. A majority suffices in such cases, but France may withdraw from the Commission and resume her liberty of individual action. That, however, does not seem to be her mood. The Paris Press (faithfully reflected in the "Times") is for once sober and moderate. There is no talk of sanctions, but the chief stress is laid on the cancellation of the debt due from France to this country. We discuss elsewhere the conditions on which this plan should be accepted. The British Cabinet is believed to have made proposals to France, and M. Poincaré may hasten his next visit to London to discuss them. The form of Sir Robert Horne's well-known plan seems to us open to criticism, because it requires for its full realization a surrender of her claims by America, which is not within the range of practical politics.

MEANWHILE, the internal politics of Germany have gone through a period of rather sharp disturbance. The Left actively organized a broadly conceived plan for the rescue of the Republic from Monarchist attacks. It asked that the Emergency Bill for the punishment of such attacks should be strengthened. It called for a purge of the civil and military services. It wished, above all, to strengthen itself in the Ministry by including within it two members of the "Independent" Socialist Minority. That Party was willing, and Socialist unity seemed assured. But the Centre and the Democrats, or rather the more Conservative sections of them, insisted

that if the base of the Coalition was to be broadened on the Left, it must be extended also on the Right. That meant the entry into it of the German People's Party (Stresemann and Stinnes). This is the old "National Liberal Party" of Bismarck's day, led and permeated by "heavy" industry (steel and coal), which is undoubtedly Monarchist in its beliefs, though it tolerates the Republic for the time being. The Socialist Majority would not agree to its inclusion, and so the proposals for the remodelling of the Coalition came to an end. It is much weaker in consequence, and since its majority is precarious, and its discipline faulty, a defeat which might be followed by a dissolution is always possible. The Republic has never had a chance, and its ultimate survival depends on the readiness of the Allies to reverse their policy of slow strangulation.

* * *

THE facts about Signor Schanzer's visit to London are not yet accessible. He wanted (it is supposed) to conclude some rather intimate *entente* with this country, which would include (a) some guarantee of the Mediterranean *status quo*, (b) a co-ordination of our very divergent Turkish policies, and (c) an arrangement for the favored or at least friendly treatment of Italy in the supply of raw materials from the British Empire. So far, he has failed, as we learn from the rather bitter comments of the Italian Press. Yet nothing could have surpassed the sentimental enthusiasm of Mr. George for Italy at Genoa. Where was the difficulty? We should guess that it arose over the Turkish question. Morally, our Foreign Office, after the recent hideous massacres, has a right to feel confirmed in its dislike of the Turks. But it does not follow on that account that it is right to revert to its policy of backing the Greeks in a war of which the end seems as distant as ever. Nothing can come of the renewed suggestion of peace negotiations on the old basis. Nor do we understand the policy which will give to Greece many territories to which she has a bad or a poor ethnographical claim, yet stubbornly refuses Cyprus. There is still a hope that the next negotiations with Italy may go better. A close understanding with her is essential if an active Liberal *bloc* is ever to be formed in Europe.

* * *

THERE have been descriptions, which the popular fancy loves, for the man who will descend to the lowest of scurvy tricks: that he would steal a baby's feeding bottle, or pennies from a blind man's tin. The Government, however, says "Economy (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill." It is, no doubt, better to use words without any meaning whatever when one has to explain publicly a number of disgusting tricks which the State intends to play on the helpless. In expounding this measure last Monday, Sir Robert Horne said, in respect to some frugality by the Board of Trade in its surveying, "that the inspection of provisions on sea-going ships may now cease." This particular decision by the Government has passed altogether without criticism. It does not matter to anybody what sailors eat. But even the members of the House of Commons, who were kept alive during the war with food which merchant seamen brought to them at great risk, should have known better than to reward their saviors with worm-riddled biscuits and the ancient stink of the "harness cask." The poisoning of seamen in the past with bad food was stopped by the official inspection of stores. This inspection is now to cease, regardless of the minor fact that the seaman takes part of his wages in the form of rations.

AMONG the vulgarities which this Bill perpetrates the country should mark the attempt to close the British Museum to the free entry of the student and of the people to whom it belongs. The Museum is a storehouse of the greatest library in the world, and of some of the most wonderful things that the mind of man ever conceived. On this point a correspondent writes:—

"The Economy Bill proposes to charge taxpayers to look at their own property in the British Museum. At first sight it appears remarkable that a University Member should favor restricted public access to educational institutions. The proposal, however, forms part of a general movement to run the museums and art galleries in the interests of dilettanti and collectors, and to ignore the general public, at whose expense these institutions are maintained. The excuse for the present proposal is the same as in the case of the National Gallery—that money is wanted for the purchase of new specimens. Surely nowhere else out of Bedlam was it ever proposed to charge a man to see the property he at present owns in order to acquire money for the purchase of more property for him.

"If a charge is made for entry into the Natural History Museum the climax of absurdity will have been reached. This museum has hitherto principally been used by non-scientific people and children. By means of a guide and explanatory tablets they have been encouraged to take an intelligent interest in the exhibits. If the poorer among them are now to be turned away from the doors, the purpose of the Museum, as it has existed till now, will be ended."

* * *

FEW efforts are so worthy of support as the International Summer School which is to be held at Vienna from September 7th to 21st next. It gives to English students an admirable opportunity, not only of learning German, but of coming into intimate contact with one of the best-equipped Continental universities. The lectures are divided into four groups—economics, law and politics, philosophy and aesthetics, and modern history. Though most of the lectures will be in German, some will be in English, and summaries of all in the students' mother-tongue will be available. Lectures will be given by Sir William Beveridge and Professor Gilbert Murray from this country, and by such distinguished Austrian authorities as Professors Gruenberg and Jerusalem. The cost of the whole course is five guineas; and special arrangements have been made in relation to passports and accommodation. It is greatly to be hoped that English students of Continental thought will do their utmost to make the venture a success. Vienna has been for long the nurse of a great cultural tradition, and this effort at its preservation and development demands, at a time such as this, the highest praise. Full details of the School can be obtained from Dr. Georg Tugendhat, The London School of Economics, Clare Market, W.C.2.

* * *

THE London County Council has decided by an overwhelming majority (83 to 49) to allow Sunday afternoon games in its parks, subject to reasonable conditions. The objection was the Puritan one, carrying on the Puritan relapse from the Christian Sunday to the Jewish Sabbath. Nothing prevents latter-day Puritans from continuing it. But our hard-worked city population has different ideas, and if they are innocent in themselves, and no longer affront the community, they are bound to prevail. If the week is kept holy, the Sunday will be holy too. If both are profaned in thought and in life, Sunday games will neither make nor mar us, and the Nonconformist conscience, which is not in these days fruitful of much, will go on cleaning the outside of the defiled platter in vain.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MARK AS SIGNPOST.

FOR the second time the German Government has had to announce its inability to meet the demands of the Allies in cash. And again the Allies admit that it is acting in good faith. This event has surprised few people in our own country, and, indeed, most of us who give any thought to these matters had expected it and predicted it. It was bound to happen when the failure of last month's Bankers' Commission in Paris extinguished all hope of any early readjustment of the indemnity.

On that hope optimists in Germany and elsewhere had built reasonable expectations. It was really very hard to believe that after the long and reiterated demonstrations of Germany's inability to pay the sum required of her, M. Poincaré would continue to harden his heart. For the Bankers' Commission offered him a very easy line of retreat. It should have been easy to accept the opinion of an International Committee of the world's greatest financiers as decisive on the points of fact. A politician who bowed to experts so authoritative need not have lost caste with his electors, unless, indeed, French electors are much more ruthless than our own. Moreover, there was every prospect that the bitter pill would be handsomely gilded. For if France had consented to make the very considerable concessions which Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his colleagues outlined in their suggestions for the future, her reward would have been the major share in the proceeds of an international loan. Only the robust pessimists foresaw the failure of the proposals, which seemed from the French standpoint decidedly attractive. But the failure, when it came, was evident, public, and crushing. The French member of the Bankers' Committee declined to sign its very mild and tactfully vague suggestions. A few days later M. Poincaré made one of his familiar speeches, which showed him to be a more incorrigible Bourbon than any of us would have dared to predict. He had learned nothing from events, and even to American bankers he would not go to school. The fall of the mark began with the first news of the Paris failure. It was accelerated by the murder of Walther Rathenau. It became a panic-stricken rush after M. Poincaré's speech, which attracted shrewd attention in Germany, though it went almost unnoticed here.

It is hard to say how far these movements of the mark are the mechanical consequence of the printing of money. The German Government had to buy foreign currency in order to meet its next instalment to the Reparations Commission. That would bring about some fall of the mark by the simple operation of the law of supply and demand. Then, when the mark fell, the further printing of money would be inevitable, since the rise of prices would add to the expenditure of the State, and the activity of the printing press would involve a further fall of the mark. But these fluctuations always surpass any consequences which we might deduce from the mechanical causes. An economist may reason that if you double the paper money in circulation, its value ought to be halved. In point of fact the fall of value is usually much more serious, as ample experience of recent years in Central Europe has proved. The mark and the

krone are both of them very much lower than they ought to be, if the actual increase of paper were the measure. Expectation plays its part. Everyone knows that each new flood of paper is not going to be the last. Sad experience has taught the more expert inhabitants of these unhappy countries that while there is sometimes, even in the eventful history of the krone, a few months of rest and comparative stability, it is certain to start moving again before very long. No one will keep a bundle of German or Austrian notes in his pocket or his safe an hour longer than he can avoid it. The financiers jostle to convert them into dollars or sterling. The industrialist will transform them promptly into raw material or new machinery. The frugal housewife buys linen, which she lays by to sell again. The average sensual man drinks his kronen or eats them, and even this is a wiser course than hoarding them. Moth and rust do not corrupt them, but they evaporate almost before the gay inks are dry upon them.

We have seen this week the fall of the mark, which one dimly remembers as the equivalent of a pre-war shilling, to one-tenth of one penny. The results of this fall will be apparent only when a week or two have passed. Prices move slowly in the wake of these catastrophes, and it is only in the month following the painful readjustment that the official index, lagging always behind the event, gives to the workmen and the still more unfortunate salaried employees a right to demand an increase of pay. In the interval, industrial concerns will make big profits, in perishable paper, from the distress of their employees; only to discover, however, that the purchase of the next stock of raw material to replenish their stores has become more difficult than ever. They try to avoid that difficulty by banking abroad, and building up a balance in foreign banks in dollars or pounds. The result, both of the fall of the mark and of the export of capital, is that the State is struggling all the while to tax a vanishing income. You assess a man's income with the mark at a penny: you collect the tax in marks worth a farthing. And so it goes on, till you assess at farthings and collect in centimes.

The broad fact is universal impoverishment. It may be, indeed probably it is the fact, that a minute class of bankers, captains of industry, and speculators is making unconscionable gains. But the workers are living at half the pre-war level of existence, and the working middle class is in even worse case. There is a tremendously active internal interchange of money and goods, which looks like active business, and while it goes on there is no unemployment. But export is less than a third of the pre-war total of tonnage. The land yields less than two-thirds of its former harvest. The certain result is a slide into bankruptcy, which proceeds by jerks and turns that shake the political and social fabric a little more sharply at each fresh crisis. The worst of it all is, that everyone realizes that if and when the mark should be stabilized, and the big and varying gap between world prices and local prices is filled, the tide of exports, such as it is, will cease to flow, and unemployment will follow on a scale to which even our own recent experience affords no parallel.

What then is to be done? We have asked that question, and answered it in our own fashion, so often during the last three years, that we are not disposed to

repeat at much length what now is common doctrine. The phenomenon when the mark sinks from 1,500 to 2,400 in no way differs from what we experienced when it was tumbling round the figure of 50, or 80, or 240. There is, however, one new fact. For the first time French opinion appears to be sober and realistic. No one is talking "sanctions." There is even a disposition to admit that the bankers may have known their business, and everyone wants to retrace his steps to that unlucky Conference in June. Perhaps it is the "sympathetic" fall of the French franc which explains this new state of mind. True, it fell only from 52 to 57, and thereafter rallied slightly as the mark itself began for a moment to steady. But the symptom conveys its warning. The mark can hardly fall alone. It always drags the krone after it, and it may also affect Allied currencies. At any rate, some process of reflection or some access of alarm has cured the mere exuberance of high spirits, which had always hitherto met these crises with the robust conviction that a show of force and a rattling of the sabre would suffice to cure the Germans of their fractious whims. There are even a few Frenchmen who begin at last to grasp the fact that the mass of the German nation is impoverished. The reaction to these last events has been curious. It is purely political, in the worst sense of the word. The politicians evidently dread, as they well may, the effect upon their dupes of an admission on their part that Germany cannot pay. In gold she certainly cannot pay, and hitherto the stubborn, interested resistance of French industrialists, who wished to enjoy the profits of restoring the devastated region, has prevented payment in kind, and postponed the ratification of the Rathenau-Loucheur agreement. The meaning of that stupid and selfish delay is well understood by French Labor.

We also understand the political danger involved in a belated admission of facts. The present suggestion is, therefore, that in the moment when M. Poincaré and the "Bloc National" has to admit that the cash indemnity was a mirage, it should have something pleasant to announce at the same time. We, therefore, are invited to cancel the French debt. It is an engaging suggestion, and it comes rather ill from French Nationalism. But in principle we have nothing against it, and have, indeed, consistently urged it. We make no virtue of that, for we have always regarded this debt as a paper claim and nothing more. It has only a political meaning in the world of party make-believe. But if French Nationalism is to be saved from the consequences of its own follies, and perpetuated in power, by an obliging act on our part, there must be guarantees against further follies. It is not enough to grant Germany a moratorium for cash payments. The total indemnity must be written down to one-third or thereabouts, and that third must be paid in kind. On financial grounds alone, it is necessary at least to reduce the Rhineland garrison to a nominal corporal's guard. On moral and political grounds we should insist that it be ended. If France is ready (under whatever suitable politician's disguises) for these changes, then let us cancel her debt to us, with goodwill and a good grace. There is no time for delay. The pace of ruin is so swift, the instability of all Central Europe is so evident, that unless we can all at last decide to act promptly and together, it may be too late to avert the ruin and the violence which will destroy what is left of our civilization.

THE PURPOSE OF A SECOND CHAMBER.

THE test that Bentham applied to our institutions was not an unfailing or an infallible guide to reconstruction, but it is certainly well suited to the problem of the Second Chamber. For we have to begin by deciding on the purpose that a Second Chamber ought to serve, and then discover how we are most likely to get the kind of Second Chamber that will give us all we ask of it. Here we come up against the real difficulty in finding agreement. In the eighteenth century the majority of active politicians regarded the Houses of Parliament as designed for the protection of property, and they were consequently satisfied with a House of Commons which had become ludicrous if considered as a representative Chamber. In the great debates of 1831-1832 the controversy turned largely on the efficacy, as a defence for property, of a Parliament so oddly constituted as the old unreformed House of Commons. Touch this institution, said the anti-Reformer, and property is no longer sacred. Keep this institution, answered his opponent, and you link the fate of property, not to the powerful interests of the English middle classes, but to the scandals of Old Sarum and the rotten boroughs. So the argument proceeded. And the difficulty to-day is that a great many minds still think of the House of Lords in this character, and hold that it should be so organized as to protect certain interests against a rapacious or an impetuous democracy. Such persons are anxious to see a Second Chamber with powers that are comparable to those of the House of Commons, able effectively to resist or obstruct or delay its will.

Any plan with this design must come to grief. It is clearly impossible to set up a House of Commons which represents the nation on a wide franchise, and to set up a House of Lords which is to check and defeat its policy. The only consequence would be confusion and violence and an excitement of passions which will have anything but a steadying or conservative effect. Nor will anybody, looking back at our history with an impartial eye, fail to come to the conclusion that the House of Lords, by such resistance in the past, has been anything but a disservice to the nation. The House of Lords acted as the guardian of property in the case of Irish land; it destroyed the efforts of moderate men like Peel, because it would make no concession; it was directly responsible for misery, famine, and outrage. There the principle of defending property by means of the House of Lords is seen in its clearest and most dramatic results; but the history of factory reform, of housing, of health, of almost any case that comes to mind where the nation has been trying to overtake the disastrous neglect of the past, tells the same tale. We have escaped the violence that has marked the politics of most countries because Englishmen of all parties—until the days of the Unionist opposition of 1913-1914—agreed with the Duke of Wellington that party resistance must never be carried to this extreme. But it would be difficult to measure what the nation has lost in health, happiness, self-respect, intelligence, worth, and all the qualities that are valued in civilized life, because it had a Second Chamber which considered that its first duty was to property.

What, then, do we want in our Second Chamber? We want the contribution of experience, detachment, and wide and dispassionate outlook to our political discussions and judgments in a grave and impressive form. The Second Chamber cannot be allowed to challenge the House of Commons in the matter of powers; it should be

encouraged to influence the House of Commons by presenting a calm and large-minded view of issues on which the House of Commons may often be too much under the influence of passion or party feeling. We have seen in the last few years that the House of Lords can often bring to politics a more equable and reasonable temper than the House of Commons. It can be said with truth that the Lords have been more respected, because they have done more to deserve respect, since the Parliament Act was passed than ever they were before. It was claimed for the old aristocracy that it could look beyond the popular prejudices of the day, and there have been many who have argued that if a democracy gives more force and power to a nation, aristocracy gives it in this sense a more considered and independent judgment. There was a considerable element of truth in this claim. The Quebec Act, which was intensely unpopular and would never have been passed by a representative Parliament in the eighteenth century, was the work of a Government that was in most respects below the level of the aristocratic Governments of the unreformed régime. Now this sort of service can be rendered by a Second Chamber which has no power of control, and, as we believe, only by such a Second Chamber. In such a body political partisanship is much less keen, and the atmosphere of discussion is correspondingly more judicial and deliberative.

Such a Second Chamber should be comparatively small. Thanks in no small degree to the present Prime Minister, the House of Lords is at this moment larger than the House of Commons, and if the present agitation over Honors comes to nothing, we may expect soon to have a House of Lords of a thousand members, for politics do not become cheaper and party funds will become larger. A Second Chamber of a hundred or a hundred and fifty members would be a manageable body, and its discussions would be real and effective. We suggested in THE NATION eight years ago that the most satisfactory method would be for the members to be elected by the House of Commons on the principle of proportional representation, or some plan which should provide for the election of half the members by one House of Commons, and half by its successor. The sort of men who should be elected would include statesmen who wish to retire from polemical politics, but are still good for work; men who have been judges or heads of civil departments, or governors and other servants of the State abroad. We might also make some provision for functional representation, and provide for the election of men who speak for learned bodies, local authorities, professional and commercial organizations, trade unions. In a Second Chamber which was to share power with the House of Commons, it would clearly be dangerous to aim at efficiency, and Sir Charles Dilke's saying that you could not touch the composition of the House of Lords without grave risk to democracy would at once apply. But the Second Chamber must clearly be a body whose influence is moral, and so long as this is clearly understood, there is everything to be said for making it as good as possible for its own purpose.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S HONORS LISTS.

THE HOUSE of Commons is to debate on Monday the problem of the peerage system; and the fact that some three hundred members should have signed the demand

for an inquiry is evidence of how widespread is the sense of indignation aroused by Mr. Lloyd George's methods. Yet, in actual fact, it is by no means easy to discover what precisely is the substance of those methods. The House of Lords is very largely a modern creation; and Mr. Lloyd George has departed from the road of his predecessors less in the fact of conferring titles than in the quantity and quality of distribution. Table I. gives the number of peers either freshly created, or advanced in rank, since Lord Beaconsfield's Government of 1880.

TABLE I.

Government.	New Peers.	Advanced in rank.	Total.
Beaconsfield, 1880	11	3	14
Gladstone, 1880-85	30	4	34
Salisbury, 1885-86	13	1	14
Gladstone, 1886	8	1	9
Salisbury, 1886-92	42	7	49
Gladstone, 1892-94	9	0	9
Rosebery, 1894-95	9	2	11
Salisbury, 1895-1902	50	10	60
Balfour, 1902-05	18	5	23
C.-Bannerman, 1905-08	21	—	21
Asquith, 1908-16	89	17	106
Lloyd George, 1916-22...	87	21	108
	387	71	458

In forty-two years, therefore, 387 new peers have taken their seats in the House of Lords; if thirteen peerages called out of abeyance are added to these, 400 peers out of 737 now constituting the Upper House have been created in the last half-century. The rates of advance are interesting. From 1880 to 1908 an average of seven peers per annum represents the creation of new titles; Mr. Asquith's average was eleven; Mr. Lloyd George's average is, so far, fourteen. But the most instructive comparison between Mr. Lloyd George and his predecessor is seen when, as in Table II., the character of the new creations is analyzed.

TABLE II.

Reason for title conferred.	Political.	Business.	Public Services.	Soldiers & Sailors.	Newspaper-men.	Brewers.	Life Peers.	Others.
Asquith	32	12	23	3	1	0	7	11
L. George	16	26	10	10	5	3	4	13

Some words of explanation to this table are necessary. Under the heading "Political" are included all men whose titles, like those of Lord Morley or Lord Long, are definitely connected with the tenure of some position in Government. "Business" includes such peerages as that recently conferred upon Sir William Vestey. The heading "Public Services" includes men whose retirement from some high post in a Government office, whether in England, as with Lord Kilbracken, or in India, as with Lord Meston, or in diplomacy, as with Lord Hardinge, has been marked in this way. The remaining headings, save the last, explain themselves. The final class, "Others," simply includes those who cannot, as in the case of the late Lord Glenconner, be suitably brought under any special rubric.

The chief feature of Mr. Lloyd George's creations has been the increase of titles conferred for reasons either of business success or of journalistic importance. Mr. Asquith, who created a very large number of peers, yet confined the great majority of his creations to the two classes, Ministers and public servants, to whose elevation the least objection can be taken. But the full significance of Mr. Lloyd George's effort cannot be grasped if our analysis stops short at the peerage. Table III. therefore

gives the number of baronetcies conferred annually from 1908 to 1922.

TABLE III.

No. of titles	1908.	1909.	1910.	1911.	1912.	1913.	1914.	1915.
	18	21	13	35	20	18	14	9
	1916.	1917.	1918.	1919.	1920.	1921.	1922.	
	32	32	35	51	42	43	32	

From 1908 to 1916 the average number of creations is twenty each year; for the period 1917-1922 (June) the average number each year is forty-three. Some allowance must, however, be made for the fact that the years 1917-18 were war-years, in which military and naval service needed special recognition. But this can best be brought out by comparing, as in Table II., the records of Mr. Asquith and the present Prime Minister, in the type of service for which baronetcies have been awarded.

TABLE IV.

Reason for title conferred.	Political.	Business.	Public Services.	Soldiers & Sailors.	Newspaper-men.	Lit. and Scientific.	Brewers.	Others.
Asquith ...	9	90	20	4	0	22	3	32
Lloyd George	4	130	20	14	5	4	4	54

In Table IV., under the rubric "Literary and Scientific" are included all titles conferred upon writers, medical men, actors, and so forth, who stand apart from the ordinary sources of honors. Here, as in the case of the peerage, the salient features of Mr. Lloyd George's nominations, as against those of Mr. Asquith, are the great increase in the number of business men honored, and the appearance of newspaper-men in the list of baronets. It will be noticed that neither the number of public servants, nor the number of soldiers and sailors honored, is at all largely responsible for the increase in the number of creations. It should be added that baronetcies conferred in connection with the Coronation of 1911 are responsible for a considerable increase in the number of Mr. Asquith's recommendations.

Table V. gives the number of Knighthoods conferred since 1908.

TABLE V.

Number ...	1908.	1909.	1910.	1911.	1912.	1913.	1914.	1915.
	194	194	90	351	143	136	155	170
	1916.	1917.	1918.	1919.	1920.	1921.	1922. (June)	
	210	279	428	474	379	246	141	

For Knighthoods, therefore, Mr. Asquith's average is 182 per annum, that of Mr. Lloyd George 354. In the former's period, the Coronation year of 1911 and two war-years must be remembered; in Mr. Lloyd George's reign there are two war-years and the period of liquidating the war.

The problem of classifying Knighthoods is by no means easy. Many of the recipients are dead; and their discovery involves no light task. But the problem of whether the distinction is connected with war service or the recipient's profession is still more difficult. Distinguished surgeons, for example, who receive a Knighthood in the military class, or business men who are made Generals and receive the K.B.E. (military), seem honored in order to elude the ordinary rubrics. The result is much uncertainty; and wherever the cause of the honor is not at once apparent, the recipient has been put into the gulf of "Others" for whom the difficulty of classification seems insuperable. There also have been placed Indian Maharajahs, barristers, chartered accountants, Dames of the Order of the British Empire, and Sir James Denham. The institution, moreover, by Mr. Lloyd George of the Order of the British Empire has naturally involved a large increase in the number of titles. It may be added that Mr. Lloyd George has made forty-seven civilian Welsh Knights.

Table VI. gives such classification as has been possible of Knighthoods conferred by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. It refers only to such persons as are receiving that honor for the first time. Mr. Asquith conferred a further decoration of that rank upon 771 persons already so distinguished, Mr. Lloyd George upon 370. But, from our standpoint, the important matter is the advent of the *novi homines*, rather than the record of men who had already achieved eminence.

TABLE VI.

Reason for title conferred.	Political.	Business.	Public Services.	Soldiers & Sailors.	Newspaper-men.	Art, Science & Literature.	Brewers.	Others.
Asquith ...	28	158	334	149	9	106	0	88
Lloyd George ...	35	481	375	372	37	132	6	139

Here, as elsewhere, the main directions of Mr. Lloyd George's advance upon Mr. Asquith have been in his more abundant recognition of merit in the worlds of business and journalism.

The task of analyzing the enormous numbers of those upon whom Companionship of various Orders has been conferred has not been attempted. Table VII. merely gives the totals for the years 1908-1920 inclusive. These include O.B.E.s, I.S.O.s, and members of the fifth class of the Victorian Order. The great increase in 1911 is due to the Coronation of that year, the immensely greater increases since 1915 must partly be credited to the war.

TABLE VII.

Number	1908.	1909.	1910.	1911.	1912.	1913.	1914.
	337	303	178	515	223	201	293
	1915.	1916.	1917.	1918.	1919.	1920.	
	1,310	2,310	3,510	6,368	3,647	1,080	

The average of Mr. Asquith for each of the nine years of his Premiership is 640; that of Mr. Lloyd George for the first four years of his administration is 3,644 creations annually.

"To the bestowal of honors," writes Lord Morley of Mr. Gladstone, "he brought the same diligent care as to branches of public business that to men of Peel's type seem worthier of care. He treated honors on fixed considerations. Especially in the altitudes of the peerage, he tried hard to find solid political ground to go upon." We perhaps live in an easier generation; or, it may be, Mr. Lloyd George, like Lord Carteret, thinks nothing of these matters. "What is it to me," Lord Carteret said, "who is a judge or a bishop? My business is to make kings and emperors, and to maintain the balance of Europe." But the numbers of bishops and judges are relatively limited; in the new dispensation it seems that the barriers are withdrawn. There is evidence and to spare that what Peel called the odious power of patronage is now used for objects alien from its exercise since the time of Sir Robert Walpole. That Minister used the power of the prerogative to make public life the reflection of his personal influence. He inaugurated a period of political corruption which made the ensuing half-century perhaps the most degrading in our annals. It is to the methods of Sir Robert Walpole that Mr. Lloyd George seems to have returned. But as the theatre of his activities is larger, so are the results of his system the more deleterious. Patronage is always a minor phase of political life, but it is always an index to the ethos of the time. In our own day it is symptomatic of a cynical carelessness which hinges at every turn upon corruption. Parliament could hardly render a greater service to the country than by ending a system which not merely fails to distinguish between merit and wealth, but also confounds allegiance to the Minister with service to the country.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

GERMANY REVISITED.

By H. N. BRAILSFORD.

THE few Englishmen who visited Germany in the early months of 1919 retain memories which will not readily fade. Stamped on my own recollection is the picture of the industrial region of Saxony as I saw it during a weary and comfortless train journey. Not a single factory chimney was smoking in the German Lancashire. The stations were cumbered with accumulations of lame locomotives, rusting untended. Discomfort and privation awaited you in Berlin. There was no butter, no milk, no coffee or tea or tobacco; and such breadstuffs as one could buy freely at a baker's, without a ration card, were inedible confections of sawdust and saccharine. The streets were beset with barbed wire and steel-helmeted patrols, and all the talk was of revolution from below. If the centre of the town was shabby and unkempt, the workers' quarters were gaunt and naked. Everyone after the years of war and blockade seemed abnormal, either listless and apathetic, or with nerves stretched like a hairspring. I saw the blow of the Versailles Treaty fall on this broken society, and left it doubting whether this sick people had the will or the force to recover.

A LAND OF HARD WORK.

In a measure it has recovered. To the eye there is little now to recall the years of tragedy and want. The fields look as carefully tilled as of old. The factory chimneys are smoking again. The roads are well kept, and the railways, if decidedly less comfortable than they were before the war, are once more punctual and efficient. There is so little unemployment that you may treat it as non-existent, and on the boards outside the Labor Exchanges a long list of hands wanted faced a meagre entry of those seeking work. You may buy what you please, and in the shops there are wares enough for every need. Certainly Germany is working again, and working well and hard. I even heard complaints from trade union leaders that the men wink at infractions of the eight-hour day. Nothing in this impression of busy activity and orderly recovery is false, but it fades rapidly as you meet old acquaintances and listen to housewives talking of their daily cares. Not much of it would survive the reading of a bundle of newspapers, and I was fortunate in supplementing what could be learned from the Press and from officials by close contact with old friends.

THE POVERTY OF A PEOPLE.

From it all came only one overwhelming impression. Germany is impoverished, less tragically, less openly than Russia, and in a less startling degree. It is not a poverty which forces itself upon the eye. There is all the old order and cleanliness, though I heard a friend complain that he must be economical in the use of hot water. You do not feel, as in Russia, that the old conventions and decencies have been abandoned in despair. They are still observed, but the struggle to preserve the standard fatigues and depresses. With the exception of the minute fraction of the population which speculates and gambles, everyone is living on the margin of a just tolerable existence, and glancing anxiously over the brink. They talk with a curious comradely frankness of their priva-

tions and anxieties, for they are all in the same case. A lecturer will tell you how impossible it is for him to buy a certain book which is absolutely indispensable for his lectures, though the price of it in our currency is only 7s. A professor at lunch time takes a sandwich from his pocket, and consumes it with a simple word of apology: a restaurant meal would be beyond his means. A doctor will tell you of his surprise in attending once flourishing patients to note the fragmentary condition of their shirts. A municipal official will describe to you his pitiful task of dispensing poor relief from the inadequate city funds to destitute paupers of the middle class, most of them pensioned officials, officers' widows, or old people with small fixed incomes. In two weeks of continual intercourse with all manner of people from Cabinet Ministers to workmen, the impression of general poverty, based on innumerable facts, grew until one felt little curiosity about the exact statistics which should measure and confirm it. Perhaps because I avoided Berlin, I saw nothing of the flaunting luxury which some observers have discovered. There were traces of it in Wiesbaden, and perhaps in Cologne, which are thronged with foreigners. But even Frankfurt, I thought, was living simply, and everywhere, save in Cologne, I was struck by the almost total absence of private motor-cars and the small number of cabs. You may walk for hours on country roads, though the land is populous and well cultivated, without ever seeing a car.

WAGES.

The figures, none the less, which test the accuracy of such a personal impression are easy to come by. The Prussian Premier, using official statistics, gave a reckoning in the Landtag which puts the fundamental facts as clearly as one could desire. Speaking in the third week of June, he said that wages had risen on the average above the pre-war level 25 times. But the prices of the more important foodstuffs have risen from 60 to 70 times, and clothing has reached an 80 to 100-fold increase. I tested these figures in Darmstadt and Frankfurt. He had not overstated his case, for wages here were a fraction less than his figure, and prices nearer his higher than his lower limit. Such figures need no commentary. If your income has risen 25 times and your expenditure over 70 times, your poverty admits of accurate measurement. Actually the facts are not quite so desperate as these figures suggest. Rents are still subject to a very drastic Restriction Act, so that the worker who formerly paid a fourth of his income in rent now pays only a tenth. Moreover, there is a supplement to wages based on the number of children in each worker's family—a device worthy of general imitation—which makes an appreciable, though far from adequate addition to the income of large families. But when these corrections have been made, it is doubtful whether even the more favored classes of German workmen can be receiving half their pre-war income measured in purchasing power, and for many the ratio is much less.

FOOD.

The consequences are what one might expect. There is no longer the semi-starvation which prevailed three

years ago. It would not be true to say that the workers go literally hungry. But I think a trade union leader put the case accurately when he said to me that the workers eat their fill, but are not nourished. They make up with potatoes what they lack in meat or butter; and the women as usual go on short rations for the breadwinner's sake. It is not usual to eat meat more than twice a week either in a working-class or a middle-class family, and butter is the luxury of the rich. Milk is still rationed, and I saw the municipal figures of the supply in Frankfurt and Darmstadt. It is one-seventh of the pre-war figure in the former, and one-tenth in the latter town, though a good deal is smuggled in addition to the hotels and the richer houses. The municipal slaughter-house figures for Darmstadt more than confirmed the general opinion about meat. The number of animals slaughtered had fallen from 466,000 in 1913 to 83,000 in 1920 (I could not get the more recent figures).

THE UNREST OF WANT.

I have left to the last the shocking figure which sums up the report of municipal medical authority on the condition of the children in the Darmstadt schools. The average of underfed children is 62 per cent. It is higher in the middle-class than in the elementary schools, and it rests on a division into four classes. "Underfed" means the worst of four classes, of which only the first is normal. Conditions improved after the lifting of the blockade, but they are now, if we may trust several indications, again on the down grade. Prices have risen much more swiftly than wages during the recent dizzy tumblings of the mark. There is still no unemployment, nor will there be until deflation sets in, but the Labour Exchanges note, none the less, a new influx of women seeking work, especially married women. The inference is obvious. The inadequacy of the man's wage is driving the wife into the labor market. Angry crowds are sometimes gathered around the relieving-officer's door, and it wants unusual tact to escape them with a whole skin. From everyone in touch with the realities of working-class life I heard the same tale of distress, and above all of anxiety for the coming months. I saw at Darmstadt one of the bloody riots which expressed the rage of the masses at the murder of Walther Rathenau. As I watched a crowd of unarmed young workmen defying and for a time defeating military police armed with rifles and grenades, I could not resist the impression that want was as much the cause of their anger as republican zeal. Again, I sought for explanations of the recent heavy drop of 10 per cent. in the output of Ruhr coal. Experienced officials and trade union leaders suggested the same reading of this new fact. Wages no longer seem worth earning: they buy too little. And the men's strength may be diminishing, as it did in the hungry years.

THE PLIGHT OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

If the working class is in an unenviable plight, the case of the middle class is certainly worse. Relatively they have fallen lower, though not yet so pitifully low as their fellows in Vienna. The Prussian figures show that official salaries in the lowest categories have risen like workmen's wages 25 times, but in the middle categories the increase is 18 or 15 times, and in the highest only 11 or even 7 times. The middle class, in short, is very much nearer to a proletarian standard of life than it was. It eats no better food, and even, as the condition of its children shows, it may be worse nourished. There

is little difference in clothing, and perhaps the only considerable difference in comfort is that most of these people still have their former homes at a rent which is relatively absurdly low. According to the admirable "Wirtschaftskurve" supplement of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," the average income of a skilled worker in Frankfurt with two children was in April at the rate of 42,875 marks per annum, with the mark at 1,400 to the £1. A headmaster earned 71,000, a journalist on an average 68,000, and a doctor in the public service 67,000 marks per annum. The rates of payment for intellectual work seemed incredibly low. For a two-hour University Extension lecture 50 marks is paid, a sum which would just suffice for the lecturer's dinner in a restaurant. A signed article by a recognized authority on his subject will bring in perhaps 300 marks. I heard of a university lecturer in a big town who refused to accept promotion to a professorship at a higher salary in a little town, because it had no Bourse. He had learnt, like so many quick-witted people, to supplement a starvation income by speculation. The students contrive to exist partly by manual labor, and partly by the aid of skilfully organized co-operative restaurants, canteens, and stores. I saw a brilliantly managed specimen of these institutions at Darmstadt. The meals cost a third of what a restaurant would have charged, and the stores sold cloth at half the usual retail price. Without this help the students would certainly have starved, and as it is, fully a third of them are keeping themselves by hard manual work as miners or navvies, in the vacations, or even in alternate sessions. The marvel is that ambition or the love of learning will still bring young men to the universities at all. From this hard experience a bitter revolutionary mood is begotten, but it is the revolution of the Right, which hopes for a violent return to Monarchy and the good old times.

THE ILLUSION OF HIGH PROFITS.

But there are some facts which seem to contradict this picture of general impoverishment. Has not M. Poincaré declared that German companies are paying an average dividend of 40 per cent.? The nominal figure is, I believe, more nearly 13. But with "watering" as a universal practice, and the mark sinking daily, figures must be subjected to severe analysis. There is in the brilliant and useful publication which I have quoted already ("Wirtschaftskurve der Frankfurter Zeitung") a calculation which may assist us. Taking into account all bonuses and other gains as well as dividends, it shows on the basis of twenty-five high-class industrial concerns that an investor who acquired his shares between 1911 and 1914 would have received, all told, from 85 to 87 per cent. in 1921. No allowance is made, however, for the devaluation of the mark. But this investor paid in gold. He receives paper. And the paper at the end of 1921 or in the first days of 1922 was worth about one-fortieth of its nominal value. The inference seems clear. The average yield from industrial securities is really only 2 per cent.

There is no possibility of mistake about the broad facts of German life. The fields indeed look trim and well-tilled. But the harvest of last year, including all the main crops, was still only 60 per cent. of the pre-war figure. Nor do the export figures tell a different tale. Figures of value mean nothing; but in tonnage the export total for 1921 was only 31 per cent. of the average of the last three pre-war years. The show of busy prosperity is only a show. The fact is deep poverty.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE Government's difficulties appear and disappear like the figures in the toy barometer. To-day the image of "storm" retires a little, and the friendlier symbol emerges. The Government get a little breathing space to decide whether it is safer to quarrel with Free Trade Lancashire or risk a breach with the Protectionist Tories. An estranged Lancashire means a hostile Lord Derby and lost seats; a defeated Toryism means the open revolt of Mr. Bonar Law and a split in the Cabinet. Mr. Churchill's hot identification with Lancashire has for the moment turned the scale against Mr. Law's demand that the Board of Trade policy should stand. Mr. Law is outside the Cabinet as yet, and Mr. Churchill an indispensable, almost preternaturally active, member of it; while Lancashire's prestige as a holder of the political scales dominates the still unformed and hesitating forces of revolt. All that comes at present of the crisis is (a) the weakening of the Prime Minister's prestige; (b) the widening of the breach between the "Liberal" Coalies and the Conservatives; (c) the resumption of the hunt of the latter for an alternative leader. Law and Churchill are the two possibles, the Lord Chancellor being temporarily, perhaps permanently, out of it, save as a lieutenant. The main hope of a revival of Mr. George's personality would lie in the emergence, not so much of a policy, as of an election cry. But politics are too purely transitional for this. And the danger to the Prime Minister lies in this fact—that as far as I can judge from country reports, the Conservative rank and file is more anti-Georgian than the leaders or the Parliamentarians. The secessionist party is still incoherent, and largely governed by reactionary and immobilist thought. But, on the whole, it is the most persistent movement in British politics.

THE centre of the Irish rebellion has now turned from Dublin to Cork. The "Republicans" profess to have found a second stronghold, and in a sense their boast is well founded. That is to say, they hold the greater part of the city under as pure a tyranny as the Germans exercised in Belgium. The town, as the election showed, is overwhelmingly Free State in opinion, and its principal paper, the famous "Cork Examiner," has been owned and conducted for years by moderate Nationalists. A copy of it lies on my desk. The leading article deals with the exciting subject of "Milk." One whole page and a column on another page are heavily draped in mourning for Mr. Cathal Brugha, and the second page is devoted to propaganda in the "Republican" interest. All this is compulsory journalism; but the Editor is allowed to convey a delicate hint of his attitude by a special notice declaring that "all matter appearing under the headings 'Republican Army—Official Bulletin' and 'Republican Publicity Department' is not under his control, and he is not responsible for any statements appearing therein."

THE Irish, therefore, retain their originality even in revolutions. But I imagine the strategy of these engaging anarchists is pretty well at an end. It was founded on the hope that British statesmanship, with Mr. Churchill at the helm, would succeed in reuniting the two Irish sections; and that then, as there would be no re-invasion of Ireland, but only a naval blockade, the self-contained, self-supporting Irish State would come into being. There would be no industry in particular,

but a model agricultural community, raised on Communist ideas, would signal to Moscow, and notify the reign of pure idealism to the unrepentant rest. Such dreams haunt the Playboy soul.

I SHOULD not like to limit the capacity of this Government for doing mean things and giving them fine labels, but if they would erect a very Monument of Meanness, I could suggest no better inscription for it than the "Economy (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill." To do mean things and conceal them is not nice, even as the meanness of this world goes. And this the Bill does, all over it. But to do the meanest things against the poorest of the people, against students, against soldiers, against children, against the people of the slums, and against seamen; and to do it as a tip to the profiteer, or as a sop to Little Peddlington, is to proclaim your Government for what it is—a national caddishness. If my readers think I exaggerate, let them buy Volume 156, No. 94, of the Parliamentary Debates, and read in particular Dr. Addison's scathing analysis of these high-souled deeds, noting in particular that the Bill of which I speak does or undoes these things to the community:—

- (1) It takes away the right of free entry to the British Museum, "notwithstanding" any Act of a better age which may have happened to confer it.
- (2) It wipes the continuation school off the slate.
- (3) It effectively destroys the nursery school.
- (4) It does away with the State inspection of seamen's food.
- (5) It presents the City of Leeds (for example) with half-a-crown a house to encourage it to clear away 33,000 of its worst slum-dwellings.

Does the country realize what has happened to the Cenotaph in Whitehall? We all know its exclusive dedication to the men who died in the war, no less than the daily and hourly celebration of that purpose which goes on in the populous thoroughfare. The purpose has been violated. From the centre of the tender words and offerings of the bereaved rises a large wreath of artificial leaves, commemorating the death of Sir Henry Wilson. Attached to it is a card, with an inscription of a violently political character, followed by a bitter sentence extracted from a recent letter from the Field-Marshal, saying that he would rather be shot by the extreme Sinn Feiners than shake hands with them. What association has this harsh epigram with the war? It was not in that conflict that Sir Henry died, but in another and an old quarrel. Moreover, authority has already stepped in to protect the memory of the dead. I remember that the other day a body of unemployed ex-soldiers, seeking to give their thought of it an ironical and a political turn, were forbidden to place an inscription at the base of the monument. That was a right decision. Why, then, is it to be set aside in favor of this graceless and irrelevant reminiscence of the Irish struggle?

THE celebration of Shelley's centenary in the Haymarket Theatre was all very well. There was a fine audience, consisting of just the kind of people who would have abhorred Shelley in his lifetime and whom he would have abhorred. Forbes-Robertson recited the "Cloud" (with a terrible slip); Miss Beringer recited the ode "To Night" (with dramatic effects thrown in); Henry Ainley hammered through the "Adonais" with much gallantry. All proved once more that actors cannot be trusted to recite lyric poetry. Mr. Drinkwater

read a commendable essay, and Mr. Squire contrived to throw a chill over the proceedings and a slur over the poet's memory by a spoken address, happily brief. He took as his text a leading article in that morning's "Times," which he praised very highly, chiefly because it described Shelley as wanting in common sense. I should have thought common sense was common enough. Thoreau, indeed, once told us that the commonest sense of all was that of men asleep, and that they expressed it by snoring. But Mr. Squire went on. He told us that Shelley's advice was not always practical. He quoted the line, "Men of England, wherefore plough?" and suggested that this advice, if followed, would lead to a Russian famine. As it happened, Shelley never gave it, and Mr. Squire was simply guilty of a disgraceful act of garbling.

"Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?"

wrote Shelley. That happens to be an extremely practical question—practical enough for Shelley's age, not entirely unpractical for ours. It might have been asked by any of the audience present—except the lords.

"I saw the English Folk Dance Society" (writes a correspondent) "give an exhibition of their works at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, not only with my own but their enjoyment. One not only took it all in but gave it out as well. I accounted for this very novel experience in two ways. Firstly, there was no hard-and-fast line between audience and players; the latter got right over to the former, who fell into the rhythm of the delightful songs and dances in such a way that the footlights seemed to be abolished and everybody in the theatre to be particles of one whole. Secondly, the sense of tradition was evoked with extraordinary strength. The appeal was not intellectual and only partially æsthetic, well-trained and beautiful as the performance was. It was somehow the rhythmical expression of us English folk sitting in the theatre—an intuitive memory was awakened, and responded instantly to the homely but dexterous figures danced by young men in flannels and young girls in lavender dresses and white stockings. There was nothing 'highbrow' or archaic or sham revivalist about it all. The younger generation in the villages has forgotten the songs and dances which Mr. Cecil Sharp, in his many devoted expeditions, collected exclusively from the old people. It's a sad pity, for it was all English to the bone. If we ever get a national, communal art in England again, Mr. Sharp will be honored indeed."

THERE is to be an interesting addition to Gladstone literature in the shape of the Diary of a German Governess who was an inmate, and also in process of time an instructor, of the Gladstone household during a good part of its long sojourn in Downing Street. This lady, pious herself, gives a sympathetic account of Gladstone's simplicity of manners, and his deep religious feeling and temper.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"SETTLEMENTS."

AN International Conference on Settlements has this week been sitting at Toynbee Hall, the earliest of the Settlements, and in his opening address to the delegates, Lord Milner repeatedly insisted that the movement was young. Alas! it is less than three years short of forty

since the present writer joined that movement in its fresh and innocent childhood, and he must look back upon it now from an age that is supposed to bring the philosophic mind. "Following the work," as the East End puts it, he was obliged to give up his long connection with the place some time ago, but in passing down the street of his former habitation this week, fond memory brought the light of other days around him. For there was wretched Israel still chaffering over second-hand clothes; there were the slabs of bleeding flesh upon the stalls; there were the live fowls disseminating fleas; there were the sodden cabbage leaves, the putrefying entrails, the slippery cods' heads strewn about the pavement, and over all the stink of immemorial garbage. To stir the memory there is nothing like smell. In Petticoat Lane the smell and all remained the same, and he could easily imagine himself wading through refuse as in all the ardor of youth till he should enter that famous door of 28, Commercial Street, and find the great Founder and Warden greeting him there.

So far as the wretched Israel of "The Lane" was concerned, Culture, dwelling so close at hand, appeared to have uttered her voice in vain. Not that the Jews are intellectually impervious to culture. They used to crowd the classes, and especially the debates, in such numbers that some years ago the Settlement moved further east so as to give Christians a chance. But in manners and customs, in food, dress, and shopping, in "kosher" meat, and the "Shomer in attendance," the Whitechapel Jew does seem unchangeable. Within Toynbee Hall itself, to which the Settlement has happily returned, one welcomed many signs of change—the change that means life. Samuel Barnett, who combined with moral genius and a genius for detail the rarer genius of prophetic vision, used to say, "Idolaters recognize no change." In thought as in form, the sentence was characteristic of the man. For he made no appeal by eloquence, but habitually spoke in condensed sentences like proverbs, each containing stuff for a longish essay; and as to change, he almost always welcomed it, being himself one of those rare leaders who are ready at any time to lead a revolution against themselves. From the first, people, naturally, connected his name with the idea of University Settlements among poor and working populations, but once, as his manner was, he quietly said: "I do not preach the duty of settling among the poor. I simply repeat the commandment, 'Love God.'" And though the forms of that love, we may suppose, are infinitely various, stagnation is not one.

There has been no stagnation about the Settlement idea. At the first, it was in danger of popularity. In its very earliest days, Matthew Arnold came down and told the members of Toynbee that their names were all written in the Book of Life. The assurance was only too encouraging, for, in spite of its surroundings, a life in the Settlement would, in that case, seem a fairly easy road to salvation. The spirit of the time, too, made "philanthropy" a momentary fashion. Leaders of Society came down to Whitechapel for an evening, and talked about their adventure for six weeks. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" divided the interest of dinner-table conversation with the Boxing Kangaroo. Socialism in its various forms was emerging as a rather startling apparition, and the Trafalgar Square riots added a spasm of tremulous terror, such as children might feel when, after venturing playfully into a dark room, they saw the grey shadow of something move. Between the ancient passions of pity and fear, Society was seized by a fitful fever of doing good, and the Settlement was exposed to all the perils of a fashionable craze. For-

getting the Warden's favorite text—"He that believeth shall not make haste"—many were in a mighty hurry to save the world. There was a good deal of pompous talk about "shedding the light of University teaching upon the dark places of the earth," "promulgating useless knowledge," and "making the best common." One young enthusiast, when advised to study the separate character of each "case" among the applicants for relief, superbly replied: "To me that will present no difficulty; I took a First in Moral Philosophy!" Some, making their money in the City, laid themselves open to Mr. Vaughan Nash's taunt: "They shear the lamb all day, and temper the wind at night." Many forgot the fine saying of Thoreau:—

"If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life as from that dry and parching wind of the African deserts called the simoon, for fear I should get some of his good done to me—some of its virus mingled with my blood."

All that sort of folly, we may suppose, has passed away, now that the Settlement idea has reached middle age and is no longer exposed either to fashion or priggishness. For one thing, Settlements have become too common to allow of either. In London alone we have counted forty, and no one can be priggish or fashionable as a member of one institution among forty others. In the United States there are four hundred, in Germany twenty, in Holland ten, in Austria eight; and even France has a few. This week the representatives from various lands, including Japan, have been conferring at Toynbee, as we said, and no doubt their view upon aims and methods will become known. For the present, we can learn something from the "Handbook" issued in two parts—(1) On Residential Settlements (President, Mr. J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall), and (2) Educational Settlements (President, Mr. Arnold Rowntree). In Part (1) we read:—

"A Settlement is, above all, a place for forming friendships so that an interchange of ideas may follow. Such formal institutions as a Settlement possesses, its clubs, classes, and societies, will develop naturally out of mutual knowledge and sympathy. It would be fatal to the spirit of a Settlement if those connected with it became so absorbed in committees and in the management of clubs, so involved in the machinery that they had not time for the casual talk, the friendly visit, the easy acquaintanceship which comes from the sharing of leisure."

In consequence, later on we read, in a sentence which must surely be borrowed from Barnett himself, for it echoes his very style: "In fact, the highest aim of a Settlement should be to make itself unnecessary." With this high object of self-annihilation in view, the Settlement devotes its present life to all manner of educational work, classes, lectures, clubs, recreation, research, relief, but, above all, as was shown, to personal friendship through these other means. One need only further mention the international side as developed by Travellers' Clubs, and such schemes as the reception of a number of Austrian students at the end of next month, and the courses to be given early in September in Vienna by some well-known English Professors attached to the Settlement movement. By such means of "culture" a few zealous students at least have received in the East End a knowledge that they have followed to a height far beyond the reach of their original teachers; and for very many more the general dullness of Dalston or Hackney has been greatly varied and relieved. But one must remember a passage in one of Barnett's "Toynbee Records," nearly thirty years ago:—

"The danger is lest the development of the educational side may lead some students to think that educa-

tion is the end in view, and leave them satisfied with the joy they are finding for themselves. The safeguard against this danger is the memory of the object for which all the teaching has been given. . . . The object is that there may not be so many wretched, homeless people on Commercial Street doorsteps, so many unemployed half-fed in their single-roomed homes, so many neighbors full of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness; that work may not be so destructive of mind, and that the problem of Capital and Labor may not be settled by bullets."

But when all is said, the residents and other members of Settlements have never done anything like so much good as they have received. "Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness," and any educated man or woman who has lived even for two or three years among British working-people will have received an education such as no University or library could provide. To the present writer, after the experience of many years, the balance of the education appears to weigh very heavily upon his own side. Lord Milner himself touched upon this incalculable advantage when he said that, through the agency of the Settlements, a large number of men and women were now qualifying themselves to exercise a good influence in certain complicated and often bitter controversies and struggles:—

"They were qualified," he went on, "because they had been face to face with the facts, and had lived among the conditions they wished to alter, and had realized, at first hand, all the difficulties of the process."

We all know the difference when we meet the man who speaks with authority and not as the theorists. It is that authority upon the most urgent social questions which life in Settlements can help to give. There one learns that, in the innumerable variety of human nature, abstractions on society are entirely valueless, and generalizations can never be safe. There one learns that the natural motive of action is not advantage, but taste. There the "educated" man and woman learn that the "uneducated" are usually far in advance of them in the real education of life, and they had better be quick to humble themselves for very shame at their own ignorance. For if anyone, after such experience, still emerges as a prig, no earthly power can save him.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CASE OF DR. AXHAM.

SIR,—No doubt the claims upon your space prevent you giving the full sense of my letter to the "Times." When you say that "the outlawry of Dr. Axham" "was an instance of the narrowest professional jealousy," I venture to suggest you are needlessly introducing inexactitude and prejudice into a public question.

The law has decreed that the governance and discipline of certain callings shall be in the hands of certain councils or tribunals, each of which shall possess its own powers.

The General Medical Council is the tribunal thus acting for the Medical Profession. Some years ago the General Medical Council was concerned at the large number of unqualified practitioners who were assuming the responsibilities of doctors. It deemed this state of affairs contrary to the public interest. Many of these unqualified practitioners were only able to maintain the rôle of doctor by being intimately associated with qualified doctors. Under this association the unqualified practitioner was not controlled by the qualified doctor, but exercised independent and unfettered action unless a death or other catastrophe occurred, when, for the nonce, the qualified associate assumed responsibility, that is, "covered" the unqualified man.

The General Medical Council accordingly issued a decree against "covering," and sent a warning to every qualified

doctor that henceforth "covering" would be regarded as a professional offence.

Dr. Axham ignored that warning, and, in common with other offenders, was summoned to appear before the General Medical Council. When his case was being heard Dr. Axham was asked if he would desist in future from the offence of "covering." He was thus treated with consideration. Dr. Axham replied in the negative and was therefore struck off the register. There is no doubt that if he had been a solicitor and had committed the corresponding professional offence he would have been struck off the rolls.

Further, I have little doubt that if Dr. Axham were to declare his intention henceforth to abide by the rules of professional conduct laid down by constituted authority, an application by him to the General Medical Council to have his name restored to the register would receive favorable consideration.

Now, Sir, it is open to you to argue that all disciplinary powers attaching to professions are wrong; or that this particular edict against "covering" was wrong. But it is neither accurate nor fair to represent Dr. Axham's case as having been dealt with as a personal issue—as a persecution prompted by professional jealousy.

Let me say here that the expression "infamous conduct in a professional respect" is both inappropriate and unjust. Unfortunately, it is the formula prescribed by the statute. Otherwise there is no desire to retain it. The reasonable formula would be: "Dr. X. Y. has been found guilty of the professional offence of (e.g.) 'covering.'"

Whether the edict against covering was wise and proper is a matter for discussion. In my judgment it was necessary for the protection of the public.—Yours, &c.,

DAWSON OF PENN.

[With the principle of Lord Dawson's letter it is quite impossible to disagree. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred "covering" is a serious offence deserving the most severe punishment. Dr. Axham's happens to be the hundredth case. He was "covering" not a quack, but a world-famous manipulator, to whose skill surgeons of the highest eminence had borne the testimony which consists in utilizing his services. In law, we have come to understand the danger of making the categories used so strict that no exception can be admitted; the same seems to be true of medicine. And since each case of "covering" is separately investigated by the General Medical Council, it would not be difficult to ensure that Dr. Axham's restoration was not used to begin undesirable precedents.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

THE CASE FOR THE IRISH REPUBLICANS.

SIR,—The subjoined letter is written with an earnest desire of showing to the people of Great Britain the real path to peace. May I ask you to publish it in your paper, which I know is read by many honest and thoughtful people who wish to do what is right?—Yours, &c.,

MARY MACSWINEY.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN. MEN AND WOMEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Not long ago you victoriously ended a war which you were told, and which some of you perhaps believed, was a war "to make the world safe for democracy; a war for the 'Rights of Small Nations'; a war to preserve the basic principles of justice and civilization."

Ireland has been fighting against you for just these same basic principles, for the right of one small nation to make itself safe for its own people, and you have let loose on those people such brutality and atrocities as have disgusted civilized nations and brought the blush of shame to decent Englishmen.

Failing to overcome us by force, you tried Conference, and by cajolery and threats your Government—for which you, People of Great Britain, are responsible—succeeded in getting Irish Representatives to sign away their country's rights. Under a threat of immediate and terrible war they were forced to sign a Treaty giving away what they were forbidden to yield, and were denied the right to return first and lay the final proposals, and the alternative, before their Government and people.

And now, when your Government finds that in spite of all their threats there are men enough in Ireland to prevent that surrender, that no man in Ireland can "deliver the goods" when

the "goods" in question imply the sovereignty of the Irish Nation—now we are threatened anew with extermination!

We have offered you peace; we are willing even to be friends with you—and to some of us it is not easy—but not through this so-called Treaty. We are willing to give you every guarantee for your safety—to make every allowance for your natural fears as to your coastal defence, but we do not owe, nor shall we pay, allegiance to your King; we shall not tolerate the status of a colony for a nation far older than yours, nor shall we allow you to partition this ancient land whose boundaries the Almighty Himself has set.

You have been told that a majority of the Irish people are willing to accept this offered Treaty. That is not true. You have the authority of Mr. Lloyd George himself—no willing witness to the fact—that if the Irish people were allowed to express their "TRUE FREE WILL" they would vote for complete independence. In the present issue they are NOT FREE to express their true free will. The issue is between your Treaty and immediate and terrible war, and if a harassed and war-weary people seem desirous of postponing a further sample of your "resources of civilization"—which is, I believe, Lord Birkenhead's euphemistic description of your Prussianism—it is only that they may use the Treaty itself as a weapon to defeat you in the end.

"The language of tyranny," says Burke, "is the same at all times: 'your liberty is incompatible with my personal safety.'" If you, men and women of Great Britain, send your soldiers and your money to force this Treaty on our people, retribution will come upon you. You may succeed by force of numbers and by strength of armaments in defeating us; but that defeat will endanger your Empire—your Press, of all shades of thought, is unanimous in declaring that conquest or defeat in Ireland would equally break up the British Empire.

Suppose even that, for a time, a majority of the people of Ireland accepted the terms of the Treaty, and agreed to work the Free State? The minority will work against you as much as ever, and England's difficulty will still be Ireland's opportunity to work for England's undoing. When your next war involves you in straits, Ireland will renew 1916, and will act more effectively. You hope to have an Imperial Jan Smuts in Michael Collins or Arthur Griffith. If they wished to be such they would be as impotent as was John Redmond in 1916.

There can be no peace between our nations while there is any formal link of dependence, such as is expressed in Dominion Status and in the exaction of an Oath of Allegiance. Cease to demand what we cannot grant, and you will find that our freedom will be no menace to yours.

"We can be good neighbors but most dangerous enemies," as one of your victims has written. You have found us dangerous enemies in the past; we shall continue to be and to act as such, while you refuse our just rights; for freedom is indispensable to a soul erect, and freedom must be had at any cost of suffering. You have it in your power to inflict more suffering on us; we do not deny that; but "it is not those who can inflict most, but those who can endure most, who will conquer."

And now a word about your Government's attempt to partition our country. We will not tolerate it. You have said that such partition should not be tolerated in Belgium, a new land, less a unity than is Ireland. The United States would not tolerate partition, sixty years since. Lincoln's war is Ireland's case against partition in Ireland; not England's case against Ireland, a Nation, cutting herself free of the foreigner.

The majority party in the so-called "Six County Area" have nothing to fear from their fellow Irishmen. The policy of your Government has always been to keep them alien in thought and feeling—the old imperial policy of divide and conquer. The greater number of those poor people are honest, though fanatically bigoted; their religious mentality is that of the persecuting seventeenth century. But that stupid fanaticism has been exploited by British politicians like Lords Birkenhead and Carson; and successive British Governments, for their own purposes, have kept Belfast and its environs as a running sore in our body politic.

Look at the state of Belfast to-day. It is the doing of your Government, encouraged by your Government, for the express purpose of giving England an excuse to send extra battalions to reconquer the "mere Irish." Your money is paying the brutal "Specials," whose savagery is a blot on civilization. Your sons and your brothers stand by whilst these savages murder women and little children; but when the maddened victims of their savagery retaliate, they join in at the command of those same brutes, and use the "resources of your civilization" to help in the extermination of the victims.

Will the democracy of England not speak out? Will honorable Englishmen make their voices heard against this criminal attempt to exterminate a small nation because she claims her freedom according to the "Rights of Small Nations"? Your nation has spent many centuries trying to exterminate us. It has failed. Take the real path to peace—the path of justice, and the enmity of centuries will cease. Allow your Government to persist in their policy, and Ireland will work for the ruin of your impaired prestige: for the support—at home and abroad—of your enemies; and for the disintegration of your Empire. And Ireland will conquer—in spite of your legions. Where are now the legions of Rome and Carthage? But the Spirit of Freedom they challenged is alive and animating the young nations to-day.

MARY MACSWINEY.

[We are obliged to hold over a number of letters.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE crisis of the mark and the resultant fever of Continental currencies have entirely overshadowed all other questions in the City this week. There has been, as might be expected, recovery from the mark's lowest quotation; but this is comparatively of little importance. At last the great questions on everybody's lips are: Will Germany go bankrupt? What attitude will France take towards Germany's demand for a moratorium? Can the Allies agree upon a sane policy before a fresh disaster overtakes Europe? This latest crisis has at last brought it home, even to the most obstinate and obtuse, that there can be no health, or even convalescence, for Europe until a reparations agreement on sound economic lines has been reached, and until the whole problem of international indebtedness has been boldly faced.

It will be remembered that the Bankers' Committee in Paris found their work vain, largely because France would not allow reparation demands to be reduced so long as her debt to other countries remained (on paper) unchanged. On the other hand, every fresh crisis in Europe makes America, the creditor-in-chief, less and less inclined to adopt a generous and magnanimous financial policy towards European debtors. Both points of view are perfectly intelligible. But while they remain in conflict Europe is steadily slipping down the treacherous slope into a fresh abyss of disaster. It would appear that Great Britain is the one and only country that can hope to cut the Gordian knot; and a first step to this end, which is advocated by important sections of financial opinion, is a definite declaration by our Government to France of the terms on which France's war debt to Great Britain would be remitted, or, at least, severely cut down. Such terms, obviously, would include as their main point a sound economic reparations policy and programme. Meanwhile, France has sent representatives to Washington to discuss "informally" questions relating to France's financial position and Franco-American debt. It is devoutly to be hoped that the latest crisis will drive the Allied statesmen to the effective and concerted policy of sane finance which they have, so far, signally failed to achieve. In one respect, and one respect only, too much fuss is being made over the mark's demoralization. The old talk of a deluge of cheap German goods into world markets is actively revived, and has been encouraged by careless words in high quarters. As a matter of fact, the effect of the latest fall of the mark is unlikely to affect British and other trade competitors nearly so much as that of last autumn. For the adjustment of internal to external German prices has progressed rapidly, and the new adjustment now necessary will be more easily effected than would have been thought possible a year ago.

AVENUES OF REMEDY.

But from all other points of view the crisis may be regarded as a terrible warning to statesmen to act before it is too late. It would not be surprising to hear that the French and British Finance Ministries were in close and active consultation on practical questions, and apparently M. Poincaré is to visit London. Mr. Lloyd George, who has uttered grave words about the position, has whetted the City's curiosity by hinting at "fresh developments within a few days" in connection with the reparations problem. At this juncture it is not amiss to recall to mind the plan for settling reparations which Sir Robert Horne this spring laid before the Allied Finance Ministers "as a basis of discussion." The scheme proposed that the reparations bill having been fixed, it should be divided into two parts. For the first part (which may roughly be taken to correspond with the proper bill for actual war damage) Germany would assume definite liability. For the second part, Germany's liability would be contingent upon the treatment eventually agreed upon for inter-Allied war debts. I find that I wrote on this page on April 22nd: "If the idea of this scheme could be superimposed upon a sane fixation of the total indemnity, then the way would appear to be opening up to a practical solution of the wider problem of international debts." It might also bring an external loan for Germany within the sphere of practical politics. A plan on some such lines as those pro-

posed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to hold out some visible hope of eleventh-hour escape from the financial imbroglio that has been steadily boiling up for three years. Fortunately, there is some ground for believing that French opinion is moving rather quickly in the direction of something of this kind.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

The Banks and the Discount Houses have now declared their half-yearly dividends, and, as will be seen from the table given below, these are in almost every case unchanged. The table, however, serves to bring out the rise in share quotations that has taken place in the past twelve months:—

Name of Bank.	Interim Dividends.			Prices of Shares.		Present Yield.
	1920.	1921.	1922.	Jne. 30, 1921.	July 11, 1922.	
	Rate per cent.	Rate per cent.	Rate per cent.			£ s. d.
Bank of Liverpool & Martins (20 with £24 paid) ...	16	16	16	5½	6½	5 18 6
Barclays Bank (B) (£1 fully paid) ...	14	14	14	2½	2 11-16	5 4 3
Lancashire & Yorkshire (£20 with £10 paid) ...	16	19	19½	28 13-16	35½	5 12 6
Lloyds (£5 with £1 paid) ...	16½	16½	16½	2½	3	5 11 0
London Joint City & Midland (£12 with £24 paid) ...	18	18	18	6½	8½	5 4 6
London County Westminster & Parrs (£20 with £5 paid) ...	20	20	20	14½	17½	5 16 0
Manchester & County (£20 with £4 paid) ...	15	15	15	9½	11½	5 14 0
Manchester & Liverpool Dist. (£15 with £3 paid) ...	18½	18½	18½	7½	9½	5 12 0
National Provincial & Union (£25 with £3½ paid) ...	16	16	16	7½	9½	5 14 0
Williams Deacon's (£5 with £1 paid) ...	12½	12½	12½	1½	2 3-16	5 14 0
Alexanders' Discount (£10 with £5 paid) ...	14	15	15	9	11½	7 4 9
National Discount (£25 with £5 paid) ...	12	12	12	7	11	7 2 3
Union Discount (£10 with £5 paid) ...	14	14	15	10½	14	6 12 0

† Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank. Also a special cash bonus of 10s. per share free of tax.

The only actual distribution changes are a rise from 14 per cent. to 15 per cent. by the Union Discount Company, and the declaration of a special ten shillings per share bonus by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank. This bonus is a special mark of the Bank's jubilee. The rise in quotations is general, and bank-share yields range from 5½ per cent. to 5½ per cent. Cheaper money and bad trade have, no doubt, been influences against bank profits this year, but they must have been largely offset by the very striking rise in gilt-edged securities; and, on the whole, there is no disposition to expect that the final dividends next January will show any general reduction. The half-yearly balance-sheet statements have begun to appear, and these I hope to discuss next week.

POINTS OF THE WEEK.

The Bank Rate reduction to 3 per cent., postponed last week because of the exchange crisis, has been announced to-day. Though partly discounted in advance this will give a fillip to the Stock Markets and bring the official rate more into accord with market conditions. The Stock Markets had shown some slight improvement even before this announcement, this being especially noticeable in the gilt-edge and Home Railway markets, while Tuesday's recovery in Continental exchanges brightened up the foreign market, and oil shares are stronger. The carry-over revealed a very small speculative position which presented no trouble at all. Considering the menacing position in international finance, the markets have been remarkably steady.

An interesting announcement is the proposal of the Aerated Bread Company to increase its shares by half-a-million sterling to £1,750,000. Hitherto the capital of the company has consisted entirely of ordinary shares. But it is now proposed to issue to the public 500,000 6½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each. Since 1918 the company has adopted a policy of expansion with favorable results.

The overseas trade returns issued last night are disappointing. June exports were over £6 millions less than those of May, and at £60.8 millions were the lowest recorded since August last. Of course, the price-cuts have to be remembered, but the figure is, none the less, disappointing.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM



No. 4811.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1922.

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The World of Books.

Most people must have noticed that recently there was a visitor to these shores who was so distinguished that he could not have been paragraphed in broader freedom if he had been a champion tennis player or boxer. The strange thing is that he is famous because he is a writer; but in case our younger novelists should obtain false bearings from these facts it had better be explained that Mr. Stephen Leacock is famous because he is a humorous writer. Many other writers must envy him the title of one of his numerous volumes. I have not read it, but if it is as good as its title, then it will outlive "From Terror to Triumph"—I mean that work named "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy." One avoids reading it because of a miserable fear that its lunar radiance would fade if it were picked up. One ought not to expect to pick up even a single moonbeam. But the corrective influence of that book on my shelves is so valuable that it shall never be taken down, even to be sold.

Mr. LEACOCK is an American; or, as he says, "I am a Canadian. But for lack of any other word to indicate collectively those who live between Rio Grande and the North Pole I have found it necessary . . . to use the word 'American.' If the Canadians and the Eskimos and the Flathead Indians are not Americans, what are they?" As a result of his visit he has written a book, "My Discovery of England" (The Bodley Head, 5s.). The book is, as he confesses, a reprisal. He complains that for years past a tide of English literary men has washed upon the shores of America. They go out to the discovery of that continent as pioneers travelling in urgent simplicity. "They return in the ducal suite of the 'Aquitania'." These English literary men shake out clouds of impressions of America from their coat-sleeves as soon as they get past the New York Customs, impressions they sell at prices up to twenty cents a word. Mr. Leacock does not complain about this. He does not begrudge those cents. He merely wondered whether the same could be done over here, and we hope he found it could, but fear that our knowledge of ourselves is based in such antiquity and is so weather-worn that we are not eager to pay really well for a stranger's description of our fortunate state. He might be wrong, and money is scarce.

THE sad condition of any writer who has been condemned as a humorist is that he is beyond hope of reprieve. He will get nothing from us but laughter. Most of our good books were written by humorous men, for an eye for the comical is but a means to recovery and poise. It is usual for a first-rate mind to take a holiday

in bantering us, for, if success in keeping seriousness out of it is complete, there is no easier way to get us to admit that we have been looking at a matter with the solemn intentness of the hypnotized who see but one side of a thing. We are amused to find that we have been deceiving ourselves. The prophets, who rarely betray any humor but the unconscious sort, may not be the men who will save us; it may be we shall become well again through the gaiety of those who find pleasure, and not anger or sorrow, in watching our capers. Yet these saviors should never, even through inadvertence, allow us to call them humorists. Once that happens they are done; for humanity has great natural cunning in protecting itself against those who would enlighten it, and one of its subtlest tricks is to welcome heartily the benefactor whose genius it cannot ignore or deny, assuring him how much it enjoys him, and inviting him to make himself at home. If it insists on calling him a humorist, then he is pithed; he is but a joke. He may protest, he may assure them through his tears that his intent is serious; all this will only increase the general amusement. We will get our money's worth, and give nothing whatever in return but a welcome. The most terrific indictment of humanity ever penned has been turned into a gift-book for children and called "Gulliver's Travels."

Mr. LEACOCK has had the ill-luck to be labelled as a humorist, and the trouble in reading him is the remembrance of that. His description of Parliament, for instance, in this last book of his, might be a rapid summary of a leading article from this journal. But it is doubtful whether his Discovery of England is more amusing than are most of the serious impressions of those who travel between hotels and lecture-rooms in foreign lands. We know, for we have been told, that Mr. Leacock is always funny, and so we do not in the least mind his description of the House of Commons:—

"It is not usual now for the members to sit in the legislative chamber, as the legislation is all done outside, either at the home of Mr. Lloyd George, or at the National Liberal Club, or at one or other of the newspaper offices. The House, however, is called together at very frequent intervals to give it an opportunity of hearing the latest legislation and allowing the members to indulge in cheers, sighs, groans, votes, and other expressions of vitality. . . . It is, however, an entire exaggeration to say that the House of Commons no longer has a real share in the government of England. This is not so. Anybody connected with the Government values the House of Commons in a high degree. One of the leading newspaper proprietors of London himself told me that he had always felt that if he had the House of Commons on his side he had a very valuable ally."

THAT, and his impressions of our capital, its newspapers and politics, our sense of humor, and whatever else we may have saliently, or may as conspicuously lack, to the eye of a stranger, give us the uneasy feeling—which checks our amusement—that most of the books of rapid and confident travel in foreign lands may be of the same sort, yet come to us without the generous intimation of a humorous book that we need not laugh at them unless we feel like it.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

ANALYTIC AND SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHERS.

Philosophical Studies. By G. E. MOORE, Litt.D. The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. (Kegan Paul. 15s.)

The Misuse of Mind. By KARIN STEPHEN, formerly Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge. With a Prefatory Letter by HENRI BERGSON. (Kegan Paul. 6s. 6d.)

ALTHOUGH Dr. Moore and Mrs. Stephen are both Cambridge philosophers, it would be difficult to find a more complete contrast than that between their two recent books—a contrast not only as to results, but as to method, style, purpose, and ideal. Dr. Moore represents the analytic type, to which most British philosophers have belonged; M. Bergson, and Mrs. Stephen in her "Study of Bergson's Attack on Intellectualism," represent the synthetic type, which has been almost exclusively dominant on the Continent. Dr. Moore isolates some one question in a controversy, which he considers fundamental; he then analyses the question with the utmost minuteness and accuracy, showing that the author he is criticizing has committed various confusions, as a result of which all his arguments are fallacious, but concluding with the confession that, nevertheless, the author's contentions, duly clarified, cannot be proved to be false, though no one would believe them unless it were supposed that they could be proved to be true. Although Dr. Moore has his own beliefs, the effect of his writing upon the reader is likely to be philosophical scepticism. He makes no attempt to be persuasive by charm of style, or by other adventitious merits; he assumes in the reader the same clear, passionate desire for unadulterated truth which he feels himself, and the same willingness to go through a long process of dissection for the sake of the tiny nucleus of truth ultimately isolated for his intellectual microscope.

Mrs. Stephen, on the contrary, has no belief in argument. "I have not attempted," she says, "to offer any proof whether or not Bergson's description of reality is in fact true: having understood the meaning of the description, it remains for each of us to decide for himself whether or not it fits the facts." Her style is admirable, her exposition lucid—deceptively lucid perhaps. Those who are unacquainted with philosophy and science will find her book easy and persuasive, while those acquainted with either will find it difficult. As an exposition of Bergson it is masterly; it clears up important points which he has left more or less obscure. His philosophy shares with Plotinus and Hegel a horror of abstraction, and a belief that knowledge is to be derived rather by contemplation than by the methods of science, which continue and exaggerate the sins of common sense. Common sense and science alike, according to Bergson, are unduly practical; they want knowledge, not for its own sake, but in order to achieve their purposes. For this reason they isolate and classify, treat things as alike to the neglect of differences, cut up reality into spatially separate bits of matter, and falsify the original unity of reality by analysis. This original unity is always present to us in sensation—or rather, in what analytic methods falsely call sensation. If we would pay attention to what is thus immediately present to us, we should find in it our whole so-called past, and also (it would seem) everything else in the world, since division into separate persons is as false as all other analysis. Although Bergson speaks much of "real change" and "creative evolution," his philosophy is closely akin to that of Plotinus, and his "intuition" is not very different from mystic illumination. It must be supposed that, if we were sufficiently emancipated from analysis, intuition would show us the future as well as the past; for, if not, ordinary scientific time will reappear in place of the Bergsonian *durée*. But if we really know the future, arguments similar to those which Bergson derives from our memory of the past will show that the world is really timeless, and will bring his philosophy into line with the mystical philosophies of the past. The denial of analysis leads on along a certain well-known road, which is still the same, however differently Bergson may describe it.

To those who hope from philosophy the kind of rewards which Bergson's offers, Dr. Moore's discussions will seem

humdrum and pedestrian. We may take as an example his essay on "Some Judgments of Perception." This is concerned, he tells us, with certain "childish simple questions" as to what we know when we make such judgments as "That is an inkstand," or "That is a table-cloth." Judgments of this kind, he says, seem to assert the existence of material things, or physical objects; yet what is immediately given to our senses is never a physical object. We see, at most, one aspect of one side of an inkstand, if what we see is only what is immediately sensible to sight, i.e., the "presented object." Dr. Moore is concerned to uphold common sense as far as possible, but is painfully aware of the difficulty of doing so, and remarkably ingenious in raising obstacles to the happy ending which one hopes will come at last. And the ending itself is more *piano* than most readers would expect. The last two sentences of the essay are characteristic:—

"At the present moment I am rather inclined to favour the view that what I am judging of this presented object is that it is itself part of the surface of an inkstand—that, therefore, it really is identical with this part of the surface of this inkstand, in spite of the fact that this involves the view that where, hitherto, I have always supposed myself to be perceiving of two presented objects that they really were different, I was, in fact, only perceiving that they seemed to be different. But, as I have said, it seems to me quite possible that this view is, as I have hitherto supposed, sheer nonsense; and, in any case, there are, no doubt, other serious objections to the view that this presented object is this part of the surface of this inkstand."

It is doubtful whether this conclusion will be very reassuring to those who have hitherto been quite confident that they could really see inkstands. As an apologist for common sense, Dr. Moore is somewhat handicapped by not being a physicist. Physics represents the best that can be done for common sense by careful observation and reasoning; it represents, therefore, what a common-sense philosopher ought to try to vindicate as against sceptics and idealists. To attempt to vindicate the common-sense beliefs of everyday life is to expose oneself to the criticisms of physicists, which, from a philosophical standpoint, are themselves still on the level of common sense. Moreover, Dr. Moore's method tends to become somewhat verbal and dry for lack of the material which science would supply, and for the same reason his very valuable gift of precision tends to become unduly linguistic. These are, however, merely blemishes upon work which every lover of careful analysis will admire.

On the wider question, whether Dr. Moore's method or M. Bergson's is the right one, whether philosophic truth is to be arrived at by analysis or by synthesis, it is apparently impossible to find any argument which ought to appeal to both sides. Every argument begs the question by being either analytic or synthetic. The champion of analysis can point to the fact that all science, and everything that we are accustomed to consider tested knowledge, has been built up by analytic methods; he can also urge that these methods allow, in the end, a tremendous synthesis, such as is emerging in theoretical physics. But Bergson meets this argument by the antithesis to pragmatism: what is commonly called knowledge, he says, is what is practically useful, what helps us to grow rich and to kill our enemies. Real truth, he says, is only to be obtained by abandoning this practical attitude and learning the art of pure intuition, which the brain exists to prevent. Perhaps he is right; at any rate, arguments against him always involve some use of the brain, which those in favor (we are told) do not.

There is, however, one very suspicious circumstance. On the face of it, his position is the very opposite of pragmatism, which maintains that "the true is only the expedient in the way of our thinking," and that "an idea is 'true' so long as to believe it is profitable to our lives." (Both these statements are quoted from William James by Dr. Moore in his essay on "Pragmatism.") Contrast with this what Mrs. Stephen says of M. Bergson:—

"The intellectual method of abstraction is the right one for scientists to employ. Bergson claims, however, that philosophy has a task quite distinct from that of science. In whatever situation he finds himself a man may take up one of two attitudes; he may either adopt a practical attitude, in which case he will set to work to explain the situation in order to know what to do under the circumstances, or he may take a speculative interest in it, and then he will devote himself to knowing it simply for the

sake of knowing. It is only, according to Bergson, in the former case, when his interest is practical, that he will attain his object by using the intellectual method of abstraction which proceeds by analysis and classification."

In view of this diametrical opposition as regards the relation of the true to the useful, is it not singular that the pragmatists should have enthusiastically welcomed Bergson as an ally, and that he should have felt their attitude to be the natural one? On psycho-analytic principles this points to a common purpose, probably unconscious. To one who is neither a pragmatist nor a Bergsonian, it seems evident what the common purpose is. Both philosophies aim at finding excuses for believing pleasant things which there is no good reason to believe—especially personal immortality. It is true that neither professes to *prove* this conclusion, but each produces a state of mind in which those who desire immortality are pretty sure to believe it. The pragmatist method, invented in America, appeals to practical people, for whom machinery (and therefore science) has prestige. The Bergsonian method appeals to "idealists," i.e., to people who wish to think mankind greater and grander than they are. But this is the view of an outsider. It would be easy to retort in kind by proving that men only believe in science because it is such a help in homicide.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

THE IMPROVISED ARMY.

The 18th Division in the Great War. By Capt. G. H. F. NICHOLS ("Quex"). (Blackwood. 36s.)

The Territorial Divisions, 1914-1918. By J. STIRLING, late Major 8th Batt. the Royal Scots. (Dent. 6s.)

ONE of the results of fighting on the scale of the Great War was the virtual supersession of the regiment by the division. Though famous regiments renewed their youth and grew to the dimensions of great armies, though they inspired all sorts and conditions of men with their special spirit, so as to cultivate something akin to racial rivalries in the Imperial Army, their sons' allegiance was gravely weakened by the rival claims of the division in which the various battalions fought as parts of one significant and unchangeable unit. Few people could name a French or German regiment; but many will never forget the Third Guard ("Cockchafer") Division, or the French "Iron" (11th) and "Steel" (39th) Divisions. And such divisions as the 7th, 29th, and 51st have a unique place in our memories which fail to retain any very clear picture of the famous British regiments that went to constitute them. The battalions of a regiment might be fighting simultaneously at opposite ends of the earth, and at best could make but a small impression on so vast a struggle. But the divisions moved as indivisible bodies of sufficient size to be allocated objectives of importance, and, these gained, gathered an increasing prestige and exacted a filial regard from their constituent battalions.

But the importance of the division as a military factor measures the difficulty of the historian. A division may be regarded as a pawn, but it does not cease to be a collection of average men with average hopes and fears. The custom has, so far, been to write a more or less dispassionate story of the units' military operations under which the human side has been submerged. Captain Nichols's book is the first divisional history we have seen in which the men who did the work really come to their own, and this without detriment to the military narrative. Only a practised writer like "Quex," and one who had actually come into personal contact with the men of the division, could have produced such a book; and, presumably because there was, as he says, "a slump in sham" when this New Army unit went to France, there is much less cant and unfeeling handling of the terrible experiences of the soldiers than in the majority of divisional histories. Indeed, the glib heroisms with which we at home used to reassure ourselves and contrive to cover up the hideous cost of the war find little place in Captain Nichols's narrative. Yet the 18th Division was sometimes, and appropriately, called the "V.C." Division, and really made history on the Somme, at Boom Ravine, at Ypres, in the great retreat, and in the Hundred Days. But what it gathered was paid for, and one cannot read such accounts as that of the Third Battle

of Ypres without gathering a truer idea of the atmosphere in which the operations were carried out. The troops were committed to objectives that would have baffled any army, and the conditions were surely unique. On October 12th, 1917, a typical abortive attack took place. "Soaked to the skin and shelterless, the men remained in the mud, fatigued and famished. There were no arrivals of rations till next day, and some companies went two days without food. One man in the Suffolks died of exposure, and over twenty others were evacuated suffering from exhaustion. Most of them had to have their socks cut from their feet." Even the details who were accommodated in captured pill-boxes were exercised as though they were afloat in a leaky boat; the "men not on the guns baled out water, to prevent kits and maps from floating away."

A little apocryphal history is disposed of by the way. In a certain part of Messrs. Cox's Bank, at Charing Cross, there was pasted on a pillar, up to April, 1919, a strip of paper containing the newspaper headlines, "Forty-eight Hours in Trones Wood: Gallant Stand by the West Kents." It had been there for nearly three years, and the legend caused much resentment in the other units of the division, whose work and success were ignored. The original report sent to the Brigade stated that the regiment had been in Trones Wood "four to eight hours"; but the newspapers in some way misconstrued this by no means contemptible achievement into a truly heroic success. The 18th Division was fortunate in having only two commanders during the war: Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ivor Maxse, and Maj.-Gen. Sir Richard Philipps Lee, who took command in January, 1917, of a unit already confident from a record of considerable successes. It was General Lee who saw the Division through the great retreat of March, 1918, when it met four German divisions on the first day alone. It was he who initiated the masterly turning movements at Comblès and the Mormal Forest. This last section of the book will make the most intimate appeal to many readers. On the military side it is the most carefully written part of the narrative, but it does not cease to form a very moving human story, with clearly etched pictures of even comparatively unimportant men. With the larger maps and the numerous sketchmaps in the text the operations are easy to follow, and few histories will be so immediately appreciated by the men who served with the Division.

Major Stirling's small book deals with another aspect of the tremendous improvisation that won the war; but it carries the non-human method of narration to its inevitable limits. It has, indeed, nothing to do with the men; but gives a summarized record of the work of the Territorial divisions and views as to their achievement from the official dispatches and several published books. Their work was imposing, but Major Stirling best conveys this to the reader in the brief summing-up contained in the introduction, where he points out the proportion of Territorial infantry in Allenby's victorious army. Indeed, Major Stirling might have made a better book, even of its character, if he had relegated many of these tributes to footnotes and written more freely himself.

TROPICAL DEPENDENCIES.

The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa. By Sir F. D. LUGARD. (Blackwood. £2 2s.)

THIS work is undoubtedly destined to remain for many years the standard treatment of its subject. It is written with a knowledge, probably, wider than that of any other living man, except Sir Harry Johnston. It is full of a genuine enthusiasm. It is replete with suggestion and criticism of high value. It is hardly less valuable in its discussion of the problem from the standpoint of the Home Government than from that of the civil servant in Africa itself. It is, it should be added, as a rule, entirely sympathetic to the native and his interests. If, here, the author's attitude is rather that of the enthusiastic pioneer than that of the scientific anthropologist, still, on the whole, he displays a humanity notably superior to that of his confrères. It is greatly to be hoped that the book will have the widest pos-

sible circulation. Nothing save experience upon the spot is more likely to lead to a proper understanding of the problems involved.

The most admirable portions of the book are the chapters devoted to a discussion of the general principles of tropical administration. Here, broadly speaking, Sir Frederick is in favor of the two great principles of decentralization and continuity. It is impossible to govern Africa from the Colonial Office. Unless responsibility is delegated to the man on the spot, the work that ought to be done is imperfectly performed and the progress made is less rapid than is otherwise the case. Responsibility transforms the governor into a school of training, so that his subordinates are schooled to their task in a way that is impossible if the real source of decision is beyond his hands. The Colonial Office, moreover, tends to apply uniform solutions to diverse problems. It interferes in details, where it is necessarily misinformed, and thus tends to delay solutions of which the rapid application is often urgent. The fact that few of its officials have had actual administrative experience means that it is often completely out of touch with the conditions it is seeking to control. The principle of continuity is not less important. The method of the Colonial Office is to appoint the able officer to a higher post, regardless of the quarter in which his experience has been obtained. It is rightly pointed out by Sir F. Lugard that the conditions of each territory are so specialized that it is imperative to make the service of each a lifetime's profession. What applies to Nigeria does not apply to the Gold Coast; to govern Mohammedan tribes is a different business from governing the pagan negro. Without continuity it is impossible to gain the confidence of the natives, or to secure a policy that is well-rounded and uniform.

It is interesting to note that Sir F. Lugard is opposed to forced labor, and that he favors using, so far as possible, the inherited tribal organization as the basis of government. Expert anthropologists, like Dr. Rivers, have insisted that only in this way can the native interest in life, so fundamental to their continued well-being, be maintained. Sir Frederick, however, is in favor of compulsory labor on public works and of direct taxation for the common benefit. But he insists (p. 411) that there is no reason why private employers, as in Nigeria, should not be able to attract all the voluntary labor they need by adequate inducements. He demands a wide educational system that shall be a gradual preparation of the native to play his part in government; though it should be added that his main emphasis is laid on an educational system suited to the needs of a peasant population. The discussion of trade is of much interest; and from it there dominantly emerges the great need of Government intervention to protect the native producer against the grasping middleman. He still favors the merger of judicial and executive functions in the same officer, though it is noteworthy that this is the one feature of British administration in India which has been explicitly condemned by the distinguished French observer M. Chailley. Upon the value of missionary effort he is, on the whole, reserved; but it is worth while to note that practically every benefit he enumerates ought to be the natural accompaniment of a well-conducted civil administration.

On the whole, therefore, Sir F. Lugard's volume is in the nature of a liberal-minded text-book. Doubts sometimes assert themselves, indeed, as of his African Council, upon which only ex-governors and traders are given representation, and of his view of "consecutive flogging, inflicted at considerable intervals," as not inhumane. There is a tendency to admire strong government because it is strong, and to dogmatize about the nature of the African native in a way not always consonant with the teaching of the anthropologist. But these are minor defects in what is generally admirable. What one would like to have explained is how this book was written by the Captain Lugard who made a treaty with King Mwanga upon which it is impossible to look back without regret. Sir Frederick Lugard believes that we have a sacred trust in Africa; Captain Lugard was mainly anxious to secure Uganda in order that its riches might be exploited for British investors. We should be interested to know at what point in the

career of a Colonial pioneer a care for the British capitalist is transformed into a zeal for native rights. No one will doubt the sincerity of the change; but if Sir Frederick could give us the means of projecting it into the earliest period of colonization, he would add to his already distinguished services to the Empire.

A POETIC MISCELLANY.

Poems. By ISAAC ROSENBERG. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Real Property. By HAROLD MONRO. (Poetry Bookshop. 2s. 6d. paper; 3s. 6d. boards.)

Gipsy Night, and Other Poems. By RICHARD HUGHES. (Waltham St. Lawrence, Berks.: Golden Cockerel Press. 4s. 6d.)

Hips and Haws. By A. E. COPPARD. (Golden Cockerel Press. 5s.)

Dreams Out of Darkness. By JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER. (New York: Huebsch. \$1.50.)

The Dead Sanctuary. By J. B. TRINICK. (Milford. 5s.)

An English Lute. Compiled and Edited by C. J. ARNELL. (Daniel. 6s. 6d.)

ISAAC ROSENBERG, some of whose poems are known already to a small circle through the pamphlets printed with such fine disregard for fineness for him, was killed in the German advance of that remote year 1918. His career had been one of prelude; the rest, which is silence, would in all likelihood have seen his ardor in art and poetry to the triumph. As it is, his struggle with circumstances, which began with hard times in the East End and ended with hard times on the Western Front, has not left us much more from his pen—we cannot speak of his few pictures, which we have not had the opportunity of seeing—than remarkable fragments

"With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust."

The passages from his letters which Mr. Binyon's introduction embodies shows that he had formed himself; but his poetry remained generally unformed, his experience unshaped to the intensity and proportion of verse expression. "His faults," Mr. Binyon rightly observes, "are those of excess rather than deficiency," and may be seen with his characteristic merits in the following quotation from his latest work:—

"For the storm trapped him ere he left the town
Loaded with our week's virtuals: the slime clung
And licked and clawed and chewed the clogged, dragging
wheels
Till they sunk right to the axle. Saul, sodden and vexed,
Like fury smote the mules' mouths, pulling but sweat
From his drowned hair and theirs, while the thunder knocked
And all the air yawned water, falling water,
And the light cart was water, like a wrecked raft,
And all seemed like a forest under the ocean."

Formlessness and pedestrianism might well be urged against Mr. Monro's volume; but the presence of three or four poems in his best style leaves a considerable balance in his favor. We have enjoyed, for instance, the "Goldfish," with its odd metaphysical conclusion:—

"Then in the morning, when the seven rays
Of London sunlight one by one incline,
They glide to meet them, and their gulping lips
Suck the light in, so they are caught and played
Like salmon on a heavenly fishing line."

"Unknown Country" is an easy-going and mellow reverie over the barriers which keep a "stranger" from the intimacy of the rustic's circle; and one or two other pieces are as happily conceived and written.

Mr. Hughes, one of the editors of "Oxford Poetry," whose form is the most mannered, with every modern convenience, suffers, nevertheless, from lack of form. Not, of course, good form; his verse about old Isaac, who

"... at sixty-five
Still seduces more girls
Than any man alive,"

is merely that lapse which taste now and then demands. It seems no essential part of the poem—indeed, no part of the particular poem seems essential: the first stanza introduces Isaac Ball, who paints pictures in a dark cellar; the second

claims that he has herrings in his bed; the third, that he paints in the dark; the fourth, that he has stood at bars with Crown Princes; the fifth, that some of these are eccentric enough to visit him; the sixth sets forth his woolly beard, wild eye, and habit of carrying sweets to give children; the seventh shows him lecturing on himself to long-legged ghosts; and the eighth abruptly condemns his morals. This frank summary shows what we mean by Mr. Hughes's lack of form. His poetry wanders everywhere after toys—metrical curiosities, contorted or botched-up words ("a rollick wind," "the soggy air"), the burrs and chaff of external life. "First catch your hare."

Such a suggestion would be impertinence to Mr. Coppard, whose singleness of impulse and choice and control of illustration remove any charge of formlessness from the free forms which he favors. One could find the exception in his pages—something which obscures its prime emotion or intention: let us rather quote from that fine poem "The Horse," with its strange and solitary stillness:—

"Who comes from far away, what old grey man,
Into these colored fields where the verdure flows
Dimpled and sweet?
Unshackling gates and pinning them again
He comes with a bag of corn,
With gentle gesture comes,
To con the agued horse that mourns by the waterside
Unprofitably sick.
He pours before that wreck,
Its shrivelled clay sharpened with acrid bones,
A bag of teasing oats;
The wind tosses the husks in yellow rain to the sky,
Where the pied lapwings turning in the noon
Twinkle like daylight stars . . ."

Mr. Coppard the poet threatens to outrun Mr. Coppard the writer of tales.

The praise that was given Mrs. Untermeyer for her first collection of poems made us expect somewhat more of "primitiveness," "stark perception of beauty," and the like, than we find in her new volume. We see the clarity of isolated lines and passages, but we miss the harmony which makes a poem out of poetical possibilities. Among her best pieces, "To a War Poet" is finely spoken, even though we do not altogether agree with the "must":—

"I stand before your grief with hanging futile hands—
And long to bring you healing, piteous youth;
Yet here the matter stands—
You must plow other lands . . ."

It remains to close our miscellany with brief allusion to Mr. Trinick's visionary narrative poem, and Mr. Arnell's amateur anthology. Mr. Trinick is introduced by Professor Mackail; he is an Australian, and some of the shadowy beauty about his dream scenery is so good as to recall the work of Mr. W. J. Turner. His appeal is gentle, but passion is never absent. Mr. Arnell's compilation wears as a frontispiece a pleasing picture of himself playing upon, it would appear, a tin whistle, to his grandchild's amusement. Pardonably enough, he includes sixteen poems from his pen in the anthology: natural delicacy and freshness is to be met in him and some of the other poets who find a place. Few of their names have yet reached the reading public, but that is no case against their poetry: Mr. Arnell, indeed, sets them up against "certain famous names," and we, too, know of some which would not win by an innings.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

The Cambridge Medieval History.—Vol. III. Germany and the Western Empire. (Cambridge University Press. 50s.)

This third volume of "The Cambridge Medieval History" is up to the level of its predecessors. For information and interest combined, the chapters contributed by the Provost of Eton and Professor Lethaby will bear comparison with those of Professor Gwatkin and Dr. Peisaker in earlier volumes; and the German contributors who have now dropped out were not of a quality which it was hopeless to replace. Professor Gwatkin, we are told, had read most of this volume before his death; and it would be difficult or impossible to single out those chapters which had not passed under his eye. In some respects the editors

have profited by past experience. Footnotes are rather more frequent, and afford more possibility of checking important statements. The index is greatly improved; and this is the more valuable because the period covered is unusually difficult in its multiplicity of names which are superficially identical, but which need careful discrimination. If, even now, there is less unity of design than we find in co-operative French histories, and the translators are allowed a too liberal use of the solecism *hardly . . . than*, and there are more slips in foreign accents or spelling than we should find in first-rate German work, these things are deeply rooted in our national life. It will be long before our schoolmasters are as heartily ashamed of bad English as every Frenchman is of bad French, or before we add Latin symmetry to our own native virtues, or begin seriously to rival German accuracy instead of sneering at the German drudge. And this Cambridge History, on the whole, is certainly tending to a higher standard of general design, of style, and of accuracy.

But it still leaves us wondering when full stress will be laid on social history. Not that this volume suffers on this point in comparison with its predecessors. The last four chapters are full of human interest; so is Professor Mawer's; and so are the last pages of Mr. Corbett's, when his task allows him to get free from the mere rehearsal of treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and to tell us how our forefathers tilled their English fields. And the political narrative is often very good of its kind; we may here single out Mr. Previté-Orton's chapter on Italy in the Tenth Century.

But, if there is any period in which political history should definitely take a back place, surely it is this of the earlier Middle Ages. Why should we wade through so great a mass of details which—apart from a few main currents of progress—belong more properly to the Newgate Calendar? This volume contains nearly 600 pages of text; let us take the first three round numbers at random. Page 100 recounts the Judas-trick by which Bishop Asselin of Laon betrayed the king, who, before lying down to sleep, had made him swear fidelity upon a sop of bread and wine in memory of Christ's Last Supper. A skip to page 200 brings us into the midst of Otto's slaughter of invading Magyars at the Lechfeld, similar slaughters of revolting Wendish populations, and Archbishop Bruno's suppression of two bloody risings in Lorraine. On page 300, again, we find a similar story: Bratislav of Bohemia carries off his bride from a convent; Poland, under a boy-prince, is given over to chaos; "women were raped, bishops and priests stoned to death"; then the fierce border-tribes fell upon this unhappy land; then Bratislav seized his opportunity, swept through Poland with fire and sword, and returned laden with pillage and slaves.

These three random selections are typical of all but the last chapters; the whole volume reeks of blood and treason; we welter amid a chaos of names which leave little personal impression. We cannot see the wood for the trees; our main feeling is of kaleidoscopic and capricious change; the one thing constant is the inconstancy of human affairs. And, if we had been born a thousand years ago, this would have been our world. We ourselves should not have been the Polish prince-errant immortalized by the rape of his convent-bride; we should have been the peasant whose individual name is writ in water, and of whom we only know that, in general, his cattle were lifted and his womenkind were outraged by both parties in turn. Patiently we should have suffered the petty tyrant of our fields, as our one hope of defence against more distant oppressors. We should have been as glad as the modern Russian to catch at any straw of authority that floated above our heads. That is the true moral of these thousand years—the absolute necessity of human co-operation, side by side with the vast difficulty of co-operation on any adequate scale—the weakness of the uncombined poor, with the impossibility of getting steadfast combination among masses too poor to realize their mental destitution, so that the individual is too often ready to sell the multitude of his fellows for some gross Esau's pottage of his own. Already, in the thirteenth century, we find this clearly indicated by Berthold of Regensburg, the great popular preacher to whom Roger Bacon pays so high a tribute; the poor can never be better (says Berthold) so

long as they are more untrue to each other than the rich. It is a vicious circle; no effective combination without education, yet education itself comes mainly from the struggle to combine. But the first step of escape from this circle is the recognition of its existence, even more definitely in the past than in the present. In default of such recognition, we find extreme Conservatives and extreme Radicals looking fondly back from our own day to a medieval world that never existed in fact. Our urgent and immediate need is not for political but for social histories, to teach us that hope which shall not be ashamed, because it is patient as well as hopeful. To those who suffer, minutes are drawn out into years; yet, in the long perspective of recorded time, a thousand years are but as yesterday. We shall never fully realize our own world until we measure the slow-moving forces of the past. And it may balance our judgment on present affairs if we face the social facts of those ages in which the righteous man daily vexed his righteous soul in an agonized expectation of Christ's second coming which stretched his yesterdays into a thousand years of woe. Will men write fifty years hence as Carlyle wrote fifty years ago?—"What all want to know is the condition of our fellow men; and, strange to say, it is the thing of all least understood, or to be understood as matters go."

"FOR EVER ENGLAND."

South Sea Reminiscences. By T. R. ST-JOHNSTON. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

IN 1914 Mr. St-Johnston and "a most delightful young Englishman" were fellow-passengers, "among a crowd of foreigners," between Tahiti and San Francisco, which is a sixteen-days' trip. From these circumstances arose "an intimacy that years of acquaintance on land would never bring." The young Englishman accounted for himself by confessing that he had been on a wild-goose chase after certain legendary paintings on glass by Gauguin. But some other enthusiast (no less a one than S— H—, the artist, "son of the well-known preacher and writer the Rev. R— B— H—, of 'Music and Morals' fame") had got there first. "Good luck to him," said the young man, "throwing the waving curls from his forehead with a laugh." . . . "I believe they were rather scrappy, unfinished things after all." And tossing back his curls again you see him thrusting an arm through that of his avuncular intimate and skipping into stride again—a steady "left, right" between the smoke-room and the Captain's bridge. "Many were the long talks we had together on the deck in the tropic nights beneath the splendor of the stars."

After a very careful and unprejudiced savoring of "South Sea Reminiscences" we positively yearn to be given an inkling of what Rupert Brooke's long talks with its writer could all have been about. Authors both, perhaps they talked shop and swapped criticisms. Perhaps Mr. St-Johnston's candid opinion would be sought of:—

"Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness. Plangent, hidden from eyes,
Somewhere an *eukaleli* thrills and cries
And stabs with pain the night's brown savagery.
And dark scents whisper; and dim waves creep to me,
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch out, and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea."

One who has written four books, all professedly more or less about the soft Hawaiian sea, would have a right to a word or two of comment on that. And to Brooke, who is surprisingly stated to have been then contemplating "chucking" poetry for prose, he might well have trotted out in response such a masterpiece in little as:—

"The island was sold by the chief Qolea to spite the local inhabitants. The firm of Moore & Co. of Samoa bought it, but in this case the natives were not first removed, and they promptly killed the new manager. Thompson, the eccentric hermit, succeeded him, and he only escaped by being secretly got away in a canoe by his devoted native wife. Then Qolea withdrew the natives, and Moore sold it to the Chamberlain brothers, of whom the famous Joseph was one. They held it for some years, and it may have been the possession of this property that first brought home to that great statesman the far-flung nature of the British Empire."

And this:—

"The dramatic discarding of Sir B— T— (who in 'achieving the distinction of being no less than Prime Minister of Tonga' at the age of twenty-nine, challenges comparison with William Pitt) at the height of his career has caused an intense excitement in the House of Commons and a stir through all England. Sir B— T— stood for the forces of law and order against the sinister undercurrents of Red Communism. God knows what the future will bring about!"

Or possibly:—

"Writing of this (a christening) reminds me that, by a curious coincidence (*sic*), it took place in the same week in which I had the melancholy satisfaction of giving an English burial to Captain C—, late Government Harbormaster of F—, the 'aged father-in-law' of 'one who by his own efforts rose to be the Right Honorable Sir W— M—, G.C.M.G., Governor of Q—'."

The odd thing about Mr. St-Johnston's book is that though it must contain practically all the information only available elsewhere in the more expensive and less picturesque Colonial Office List, its author has completely forgotten to tell us anything about the *eukaleli* bird. If it is a bird. Perhaps it is a cicada. Brooke's avoidance of precision on the point was as like as not deliberate.

That, we repeat, is odd in one so profoundly keen on "romance" as Mr. St-Johnston, who has the thing actually in his blood ("my uncle the novelist"—"roaming through the Pacific in the 'seventies in search of local color"—"I cannot help thinking that his picturesque descriptions of Samoan life may have helped to influence Robert Louis Stevenson to visit Samoa"). Here and there he gets in a story or two from Pacific history, but they are not very dramatic, even when the writer indulges in three solid lines of italics in the attempt to make them so. There is a catalogue of beach-combing types of a bygone generation that sounds as if they must have been interesting, but no portraits. Of the isolated traders of a more sophisticated age, "there is a great deal of romance in their lives when one comes to think of it." It is a pity Mr. St-Johnston seems to have had no time to put such thoughts into words, since we have his assurance that his own official predecessors were more enterprising. "When I arrived in the Lau Islands I found certain old and dusty reports filed away in the office, reports by some of my predecessors on various dead and gone official matters, but which nevertheless scintillated with romance." But that old glamor Mr. St-Johnston has not been kind enough to revive for us. Nearly all the baking-powder in his dough is of the "Have you heard this one?" brand. Mostly you have, for your sins.

A peculiar phenomenon, the permanent Colonial official's travel-book, and almost a melancholy one, in that it tends to become stereotyped. Couple the best intentions in the world with the sort of opportunities for which any real writer would barter nine parts of his immortal soul, and what will he do with them? Usually nothing beyond furbishing up a pale reflection of the mental and social atmosphere of an Englishman's club, which at the Antipodes as anywhere else remains nothing more than some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England, if not exactly the nicest part. Why? The point is one that Rupert Brooke, who had studied the type on the spot, might have helped to clear up for us.

SLUGS AND SNAILS AND ALL THAT'S NICE.

The Clash. By STORM JAMESON. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

The Old Eve. By BASIL CREIGHTON. (Chatto & Windus. 8s.)

"THE Clash" is the story of a woman who takes a lover while her husband is away at the war. This was a fairly common occurrence, we believe, and Miss Jameson's heroine, given her upbringing and character, would certainly have taken a lover sooner or later, war or no war. With a detachment of the Air Force just over the hill, the thing was a foregone conclusion. And such a detachment! There was Major de Wend, for instance, "a famous pilot."

"He flew drunk rather than sober, and he flew always with genius. He was swarthy and dark-browed, a giant, with the ankles and wrists of a dancer. Women adored him for his insolent courtesy and for his eyes, which were the blue of rain-wet hyacinths."

Major de Wend has not ventured into fiction, we think, since Sweetie used to light his cigarettes with five-pound

notes in the old pages of "Punch." His reappearance is not likely to increase the number of passengers travelling by the London to Paris air service. It is not with Major de Wend, we regret to say, that Miss Jameson's heroine falls in love, but with Captain Jess Cornish, from Texas.

"What he was thinking of England as that despised train carried him through her little fields and past her manor houses hidden in ancient trees may be found in a letter to his father, whom he adored:

"They call this an express," he wrote, "and I will say the boys have expressed themselves about it very freely."

Such a lover was a distinct "come down" for Elizabeth, whose mother's great friend lived in Queen's Gate, and used the word "bourgeois." The American was enormously rich, however, and could, on occasion, talk like this:—

"I am grieved that I have seemed to hold your body above the dear soul of you. . . . Love nursed by stealth becomes hot and desperate, and if I have hurt you it is that must be blamed for it. . . . Do but remember that this love will be simpler when it is not furtive and half-ashamed. I will gentle my desire of you. . . ."

That, of course, is how they talk in Texas, the Reciter's Country, Texas down by the Rio Grande. Meanwhile Elizabeth was very busy. Besides entertaining the Air Force from over the way, she was managing, as her hobby, a country home for unmarried mothers—twenty-eight of them at a time. She was discussing sociology and sex and racial characteristics, and making the sort of generalizations that are such fun in conversation because they can be contradicted at once, and less fun in print because they can't. She was slumming, and she was meeting in drawing-rooms newspaper peers and rising M.P.s and English gentlemen of old family. She was listening to the monologues—"racy" is the word for them, we believe—of her great-aunt Miriam, who had lost her virtue more times than she cared to remember, and occasionally submitting to being bathed by the old lady. Elizabeth had a wonderful constitution. She never had to lie down after lunch. She was exceptional in more than great-aunts. As a child she had run wild in the Brontë country, and had drawn the vicar into theological argument. Need we add that "in the small, perfect face the mouth had the tragic petulance of the sculptured Greek"? No wonder that her career was impinged on by violence at every turn. "The Clash" contains two deaths by lightning, two by the mob, one in childbirth, and one of a French dancer in the arms of her lover and an Elizabethan bed. In spite of its extreme silliness, however, the book is much above the average in vitality. Miss Jameson has attempted to reveal the many-sidedness of life, and the attempt in itself is praiseworthy, even though it has resulted in this sensational hotch-potch. It is a pity that she did not disentangle her central theme from its surrounding absurdities. Where she concentrates for a moment on her heroine, torn between desire for her lover and desire to retain her self-approval, Miss Jameson shows that she possesses the almost incompatible gifts of honesty and tenderness. There is the spark of life in "The Clash," and it is sad to see the possibility of a living book lost in formless ugliness.

From "The Clash" we turn to "The Old Eve":—

"It was of sex he talked in that sunlit moment, playing at her feet; talked—but she could almost have said he sang."

If only he had brought his concertina with him! Later he was reluctant to make an honest woman of his mistress. Mr. Basil Creighton spends about two hundred pages on resolving the young man's doubts. We feel that the problem would have been less difficult had it been stated in simpler sentences—we cannot always make head or tail of Mr. Creighton's. What does this mean, for instance?

"When he joined her below she stood to be kissed, and if he had been eager to be a husband she had the promise of every connubial reticence, conceding all the honors of their happiness."

"The Old Eve" is full of sentences like this. We cannot tell whether the heroine's resemblance to our common mother lies in her having tempted a young officer to spend a week with her in the country, or in her bathing in the sea without her bathing dress. In the latter case the book should, in fairness, have been called "The Old Adam and Eve," as the young officer had no bathing dress either. Mr.

Creighton's sentences, however, surround them both at all times with a decent obscurity. "The Old Eve" seems to us like "The Clash," a waste of cleverness. We do not know how these young people's emotions managed to be fussed into the filling of three hundred pages. They spent a delightful holiday together; they found that their chance attraction had led them to love one another; and eventually they went through a marriage ceremony. We do not understand why they did not choose not to marry rather than to marry. Mr. Creighton cannot elucidate. The result might have been achieved by tossing a penny a good hundred pages before the end of the book.

Foreign Literature.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE. . . .

Mio Figlio Ferroviere. By UGO OJETTI. (Milan: Treves. 9 lire.)

THIS is Signor Ojetti's first novel, and it is obvious that it will not be his last. He is one of the best-known art critics in Italy, and several volumes of reprinted articles, generally from the "Corriere della Sera," already stand to his credit. He is a fighting critic with decided opinions and a lively pen, as ready to denounce the futility of the methods of many of the Italian art schools of his day as to trounce Croce for doing nothing for art during his brief tenure of the Ministry of Education and Fine Arts. And it is an interesting sign of the times, a proof of the steady growth of a reading public, which is one of the strangest and most gratifying results of the war in Italy, that he, too, has now commenced novelist. Oddly enough, it is not from the young men who began life by settling down to supply the growing demand for novels and short stories that the best work seems to be coming. Indeed, as a whole, they have proved sadly disappointing. For the best work we must still look to the middle-aged men of letters of established reputations, who date from the time when to be a writer meant to be a critic rather than a novelist. Several of them have recently been turning to the novel, since it is obvious that the novel is now going to dominate the book market in Italy as completely as in other European countries. Borgese's "Rubè" is certainly one of the most important of Italian war novels, whether we like it or not, and Borgese has long ranked among the ablest Italian literary critics of the day.

And now we have this amusing book from Signor Ojetti. For him, too, the war has left its legacy of disillusion. "Happiness, goodness, and truth seem fables hopelessly beyond our reach. The sense of impotence crushes all who are unable to resign themselves to the fleetingness of all things, the weak, who form the majority of mankind," says the old country doctor who tells the story. In their craving for a faith of some kind they will turn to any extravagance. Such times are only for saints or sceptics, and the saints themselves will be the first to enjoy the witty, genial scepticism of this amusing skit on Italian post-war politics. Signor Ojetti often reminds one of Mr. Norman Douglas in his more frolicsome moods. Indeed, he brings home to us once again how thoroughly Italian Mr. Douglas is in his humor. Anyone who knows a little of Italian local politics will realize the solid foundation of truth which underlies Signor Ojetti's caricature. At bottom, like all true humorists, he is serious. He pins his faith to the fundamental soundness of human nature, in spite of—or, perhaps, because of—its weaknesses. This will help to temper the wind, at least in Italy, even to the shorn *bourgeoisie*.

Nestore, the son of a doctor in a small country town, horrifies his father on returning from the war, in which he has always managed to get himself the softest of jobs, by refusing to enter any of the professions. The future is

with the Socialists; the railwaymen are the strongest of the unions, so he will become a railwayman—not an intellectual outsider, but a genuine railwayman. Naturally, he soon becomes a leader in his party. His father at first refuses the offer of a Cavaliere's cross, which is made him by the local mayor, much to his astonishment, but has to accept when he learns that it has been made at the instance of his Socialist son, who considers it the duty of the Government to reward so exemplary a *bourgeois*, and is much too powerful to be opposed. And when the riots begin which are to herald the revolution, the doctor's house is filled to the attics with hens, and hams, and goods of all kinds sent by *bourgeois* friends to be under the protection of the all-powerful Nestore, upon which the doctor ultimately levies a good percentage. The amusing description of the riot, with the pillaging of the shoes which the priest has stored in a tomb in the church for the new shop he has financed, strikes us as absolutely true to Italy. The only thing that troubles the doctor is what will happen to Nestore when the inevitable reaction comes; but after seeing him in Rome, he has no doubt that a couple as wily as his son and the mayor's lively wife, who duly transfers her favors to the rising Nestore, will turn up on the winning side. Nor is he disappointed when the revolutionary mayor, "with a face like a chilblain," is at last left in the lurch even by his own party.

The book sparkles with Signor Ojetti's wit and fun at its best, as in the dissertations on post-war vanity or the motives that go to the making up of the sindaco's wife's love for Nestore; and is there not the allegorical epilogue of the *fascisti* and the fair Marietta and her red petticoat?

L. C. M.

Books in Brief.

The Realistic Revolt in Modern Poetry. By ARTHUR MELVILLE CLARK. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d.)

PROFESSOR CLARK is not quite certain. "In spite of these signs of a possible spring, there is apparent in our poetry, on the other hand, not a little of the over-ripeness of autumn." "Our minds are replete, and we look at life through the sickness of sophistication." "But . . . to-day at last there is a feeling of spring in the air." "The vitality of our modern literature seems greater than its decadence." One of the causes of his uncertainty is his anxiety, specifically denied by him, to be exhaustive; it appears in the serious consideration of all sorts of verse which the world will willingly let die—the innocent but dispensable "echo-lalia" of every age; it overcomes his sense of the incongruous. Discussing characteristics, for example, he can write: "They are English backwaters and meadows and English flowers that Dr. Bridges and Mr. R. A. F. Nicholl and Mr. Bliss love." Here we think the only relevant point is what Dr. Bridges loves, as Mr. Nicholl and Mr. Bliss have not yet perceptibly written poetry. Or Professor Clark will group "the extremists—Messrs. Sassoon, Osbert Sitwell, T. S. Eliot, Edgar Lee Masters."

There is undoubtedly a realistic revolt, but no revolution. We are not in the mood altogether, in part because of our own chequered careers—"The Great Adventure," as arranged by past idealists—to read Professor Clark's "perfect" Heredia, or write like him in any case:—

"Effeillant sur l'eau sombre des roses,
Les deux enfants divins, le Désir et la Mort."

It is, as Mark Twain's old lady said, "too beautiful!" But Professor Clark's view of us is much of a kind with his seeing an extremist in Mr. Sassoon. Mr. Sassoon began poetry in all the glow of romance, and the public needs little reminder of his delineation of its terrific experience—a delineation all the more striking from the background of beauty-experience which even in "Counter-Attack" at least eight poems typified. Need one explain the significance of

that lyrical cry "Everyone Sang," which closed his latest volume of poems, "Picture-Show"?

Professor Clark attempts a task of the greatest difficulty, and if we do not see as he sees in general, we admire his courage. His examples of the Realistic Revolt are often accompanied by shrewd remarks, and, as our initial quotations show, he strives to be scrupulously fair.

* * *

First Impressions of America. By DR. WALTER R. HADWEN (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.)

A STAGGERING lack of originality seems to impel the English traveller in America to start off strictly according to formula, with the harbor of New York, the statue of Liberty (which should be changed for one of Law), and the skyscrapers. Dr. Hadwen is true to form; or, as an American reader might say, he signs on the dotted line. Thereby he does himself some injury, for, as a matter of fact, his animated jottings deal with a good many more things than the familiar aspects of the Atlantic cities and Washington, the Grand Canyon, and California. He has a knack of recording amusing conversations, but also a way of putting down anything that was said to him on controversial matters without, apparently, taking any trouble to correct or supplement it. One cannot but be astonished at his repeating the casual rubbish "handed to him" by a cordial hostess as an account of the way in which Prohibition came to the United States. How is it that a man like Dr. Hadwen, identified at home with unpopular causes, can be an ordinary Philistine in America? A comical little illustration of this is his referring to the Chinese in New York as "natives." Are we really to believe that even a doctor from Gloucester can be so simple as to be surprised at chewing-gum and to put his shoes outside an hotel bedroom in America?

* * *

An Anthology of Italian Poems. By LORNA DE LUCCHI. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

QUITE apart from the translations, this anthology of Italian lyrics from St. Francis of Assisi to Carducci is of value for its own sake. Within the limits of its space it is, as a whole, really representative, though, of course, it is easy to find omissions in a literature so rich as the Italian. Signora de Lucchi has a distinct preference for the sonnet, but Italian wealth in this form, especially after Petrarch, justifies her weakness. The translations vary greatly in merit, as is only to be expected, considering the variety of subjects and metrical forms, but they will always be helpful to those not very familiar with Italian. On the whole, we like her best in her renderings of the Renaissance poems, particularly of the sonnets. It is then that she sails closest to the wind. Yet how hopeless is it to attempt to translate a "ballata" of Lorenzo de' Medici into our monosyllabic tongue! It is in the longer poems, more especially the modern ones, that she seems to us to get furthest from the original, as in Manzoni, for instance, and Carducci, and particularly in Leopardi's "canzoni." Grossi's "Rondinella pellegrina" and Giusti's "Sant' Ambrogio" are obviously congenial, and she seems to be on good terms with Parini.

* * *

England To-day. By GEORGE A. GREENWOOD. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

PRESENT-DAY England, says Mr. A. G. Gardiner in a brief foreword to this vigorous little book, is England at an unprecedented moment of transition. What Mr. Greenwood does is to run rapidly over the most striking social features of the new time—the changed mass of workers, the disillusioned victims of the middle class, the plutocracy and the new countryside—and the relation of this transformed England to the English-speaking nations and to the rest of the world. The larger part of his survey has to be done in colors so dark that one begins to wonder how Mr. Greenwood can bring himself round towards a generally hopeful conclusion instead of joining the adherents of the Dean of St. Paul's. But he does it, having a firm faith in the English people and a conviction that the present troubles and discontents are making, on the whole, for organic release and rebuilding.

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THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY

LANGUID LABOUR.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

NOBODY detests work more than I do, and my nausea has been intensified by the fact that, unable to avoid it, I have been working sixteen hours a day, most Sundays included, for the last six months. This sounds like a hilarious lie but it is a disgusting truth.

The copper of my gardener's cottage required repairing, and a temporary charlady's husband, being an out-of-work but lusty bricklayer, was offered the opportunity of exhibiting his skill upon it. He strolled up one sunny morning and after a little contemplation agreed to do the job for 12s. But the next day was chilly, so he sat by the fire, and the following day he was occupied in drawing his unemployment dole.

Now, logically and philosophically, I do not blame the man a scrap. Man is not born with the instinct to work; he only works from sheer necessity. Personally, I would not choose to do another stroke of work or be beguiled to write another line—except, perhaps, an occasional midnight Bacchanalian poem to awaken my morning laughter—unless necessity compelled, or inspiration rudely intervened.

The lusty bricklayer, with his dole and the well-earned increment of his buxom wife, finds life's imperative necessities provided for. So why should he disturb his pleasant lethargy? His emotions are satisfied by his beer and onions and bountiful buxomity, just as mine are appeased by Dry Tokay and caviare and delicate frailty. Our tastes are slightly different, but if I am foolish enough to surrender to them it is only just that I should work like hell to provide for them.

There is, however, a slight fly in the ointment of the bricklayer's Utopia. The caviare-seeker, finding supplies short from Communist Russia, will shortly be unable, despite his generosity, to provide for even an onion appetite. Then, of course, doles will automatically cease.

Doles are the acceptance of decadence. Destroy incentive and energy is enervated. For the sake of his digestion, if not for his self-respect, every man who accepts a dole should be compelled to give the country an equivalent in labour. Incidentally, many of the roads in England are abominably neglected.

It is fortunate the Government are not required to provide me with a dole. I should require at least five Duchies of Lancaster. Meanwhile here are the prices of the most successful tailoring business in the West End. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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Dr. William T. King and "The Co-operator," 1828-30. (Manchester: Co-operative Union. 5s.)

MANY years ago Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, left a legacy for the publication of a selection from the writings of Dr. W. T. King, of Brighton. Nothing was done in the matter, and it is only now, some sixty years after his death, that the Co-operative Union has done tardy justice to the memory of an admirable pioneer in its work. This volume reprints the admirable little magazine which, unaided, Dr. King published to further the notion of co-operation. It is an exceedingly valuable mine of ideas, which presents the fundamental notions of co-operation with enviable clarity and directness. Dr. King was no mere theorist. He was foremost in urging the need for popular education. He did much valuable work in founding co-operative societies in Brighton. He did not a little for the improvement of the public health of the town. King was in the midstream of the most advanced notions of his time. He saw fully the importance of solidarity among the workers. He insisted that consumers' co-operation was not merely a protection for the worker, but the only feasible alternative of the day to capitalism. The friend of F. W. Robertson, he was, in the best sense of the word, a Christian Socialist. This volume is a needed, if tardy, memorial to one who has a secure place in the history of liberal thought.

A History of Architecture. By Sir BANISTER FLETCHER. Sixth Edition. (Batsford. £2 2s.)

THIS most interesting handbook and album of examples has been completely rewritten for this edition, and enlarged. It has now one thousand pages and three and a half thousand illustrations: an astonishing and fascinating manual. No doubt it is indispensable to students of architecture; but, unlike most books for students, it is not safe for a busy layman to open it, because there is no telling when these photographs and drawings will let him go free again. It seems a complete survey of architecture.

From the Publishers' Table.

WE are glad to see that a translation by Anna Barwell of Clara Viebig's novel, "Daughters of Hecuba," reviewed in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of July 2nd, 1921, has been published by Allen & Unwin. This simple and sensitive story, which is well translated, affords, as our reviewer said after reading the German original, a deeper insight into the spiritual condition of Germany during the latter part of the war than one will gain from all the war-books and newspaper reports.

THE Haymarket Theatre was well filled for the Shelley celebrations, and we gather that a great number of applications for seats had perforce to be set aside. Sir Rennell Rodd opened proceedings in orotund enthusiasm; the Italian Ambassador was brief and fervent; Mr. Post Wheeler, Counsellor of the American Embassy, reminded us of that American grandfather of Shelley's.

MR. J. C. SQUIRE then appeared behind the footlights and wittily stated that we were all human; and, if Shelley was not strictly practical, his presence at the elbow of all Prime Ministers would be beneficial. Mr. Squire's cheerfulness was welcomed by everyone: but Mr. Drinkwater followed with a sort of review of Shelley's poems, which, despite the orator's graceful stance variations, acted as a soporific.

THE speeches ended, and most of us prepared in the usual apprehension for the recital of poems. First Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson read the "Cloud," and we thought he read it passing well, giving its demonic suggestion a voice. At the end he apologized for a misreading in the last line but one. It had had the merit of revealing all round the house how well and verbatim the "Cloud" was known!

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER then chanted "To Night." Some reminiscence of the steel-engraving epoch came into our mind as she interpreted that mysterious poem. Mr. Henry Ainley, last, read "Adonais" from beginning to end in a voice vibrating with emotion, in profuse strains of premeditated art.

So closed a function which Shelley would doubtless (as Mr. Squire suggested) have decided to avoid: but it did what it would have been expected to do. It was, indeed, more in contact with Shelley's life and work than ceremonies always are with their subject. The appearance of a member of the Shelley family might have brought the occasion nearer to historical completeness.

MSS. in great profusion are to be sold at Sotheby's on July 24th and succeeding days. (Wesley's wig also figures in the catalogue.) There are eight letters from Gray to a Mr. Bedingfield, which contain transcripts and discussions of the Odes. There is a singular letter from Mary Shelley to Leigh Hunt exposing Medwin, who proposed that she should pay him £250 not to publish his "Life of Shelley." He did not get the money, but seems to have moderated his statements.

OTHER papers of Hunt interest are his little play "Look to Your Morals," which has yet to be published, and a correspondence, begun just after his death, on the Harold Skimpole question. Four of the letters are from Dickens himself, and this sentence occurs:—

"What I said to his poor Father in your presence, I will say in any way that Thornton Hunt likes; that there are many remembrances of Hunt in little traits of manner and expression in that character, and especially in all the pleasantest parts of it, but that is all."

THERE is in Aberdeenshire an ancient monument, with an inscription not hitherto deciphered, except presumably by the Picts who wrote it. In "The Newton Stone," published at Paisley by Alexander Gardner, Mr. F. C. Diack claims to have solved the riddle; and he gives a bibliography of previous literature on the subject.

COLLECTORS and students of "travels" may turn with profit to a recent publication of M. Champion at Paris—"The Extraordinary Voyage in French Literature from 1700 to 1720," by Professor Geoffrey Atkinson. The title is a fair indication of the learning displayed in the book, and of the interest of the theme. The price of this monograph is 12 francs.

THE problem of song translations has been attacked directly in "Music and Letters" for some time past: a hundred versions have now been published in that journal. The July issue reviews the position—the trouble is frankly stated to be the dearth of poetry in what has been printed. That is not surprising: but the tendency of the labors is admirable.

Art.

IMPRESSIONISM AND EXPRESSIONISM.

SOMETHING must be allowed for a convivial occasion, but the bantering exchange of compliments between Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Roger Fry at the dinner to M. Marchand seemed to mean something more than the natural friendliness of two distinguished artists doing honor to a distinguished colleague. Particularly when it is taken in conjunction with what may be observed in current exhibitions. To say that this looks like a reconciliation between Impressionism and Expressionism—using those terms in their broadest meaning—is to miss a link: it is rather the reconciling influence of painting over both. What it amounts to is that when we really look at Impressionism, as represented by works of Monet,

JULY. **THE** **QUARTERLY REVIEW** 7s. 6d.

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COMPANY MEETING.

HOVIS LIMITED.

PROGRESS OF THE BUSINESS.

The ordinary general meeting of Hovis Ltd. was held on the 6th inst. at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

Mr. J. Browne-Martin, who presided, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1920, said that a chairman's task was always a pleasurable one when associated with such a company as Hovis Ltd., which showed the merit of consistency in its progress. With that feeling there was also a feeling of regret that he could not deal with the accounts brought up to date, as the directors would have liked, but the shareholders knew the difficulties all businesses had to meet with when taken over by a Government office. It was only during the last few weeks that they had received a settlement for 1920, but they did not anticipate now that the figures for 1921 would be long delayed. The accounts now before them were for the year ended March 31st, 1920, and it would be seen that the reserve account was now £100,000, and they proposed to place a further £10,000 to that account. With regard to the profit and loss account, during the period of control the company was indemnified against loss, and had, as remuneration, the pre-war standard of profits, plus certain allowances, and that in the year under review amounted to £50,084, as against £43,416 for the previous year. They had made provision out of their profits and allowances to spend money on advertising, and since decontrol they had expended a considerable amount. In inducing the public to take the company's products they were promoting the welfare of the community. Medical testimony proved that those of the public who were wise enough to listen to the message that was given to them would benefit both in mind and body. It would appear that the results of their message were bearing fruit, but the expenditure had been a considerable one. Their investment in the shares of Marriage, Neave & Co., Ltd., had turned out extremely satisfactory. The acquisition of the Chelsea mill had not only considerably increased the area of the company's activities and its milling capacity, but had enabled the management to effect useful economies and increased efficiency in output and delivery. The directors were entirely satisfied with the results of their investment. The directors were justified in recommending a distribution out of the company's reserves. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. in respect of the half-year ended March 31st, 1922, was declared.

At a subsequent extraordinary general meeting a resolution was passed authorising the capitalisation of the reserve fund.

WHAT FAMINE MEANS

"Hardly anyone," says Dr. Nansen, "seems to realise what famine means. There is no country where any great proportion of the people understand that month by month millions of their fellow beings are

DYING BY SLOW DEGREES

"Russia," says N. Osinski, "stands before Europe in rags and tatters, her eyes feverish with hunger and her cheeks sunken with exhaustion."

**Can we neglect so clamant
a call, or turn our back
upon these fellow beings
who so desperately need
our help?**

This appeal is issued by the FRIENDS' RELIEF COMMITTEE, which is co-operating with the Save the Children Fund and the Russian Famine Relief Fund, in the All-British Appeal for the Russian Famine. Donations, which may, if desired, be earmarked for any of these Funds, should be sent to The Russian Famine Relief Fund, Room 9, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

Send gifts of clothing (with the name and address of sender outside and inside the parcels) to THE FRIENDS' WAREHOUSE, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C.4.

Sisley, and Mr. Walter Sickert himself, in the summer exhibition of the Goupil Gallery, and at Expressionism, as represented by the works of M. Marchand, at the Independent Gallery, we find that the two "movements" have much more in common than the expositions of their respective theories might have led us to suppose. Indeed, it is quite likely that an enthusiast who had been "told all about" the movements might feel slightly disappointed when he came to the actual examples.

This experience, including the occasional disappointment, is common enough in the other affairs of life, from religious differences to a dog-fight, and it does not mean that the differences don't exist. It only means that they are sharpened by theoretical discussion. Dogs do delight to bark and bite, but the reconciling—or, at any rate, qualifying—influence is, precisely, dog, with all the mysterious affinities and sympathies of the kind; and if you want to feel the sharper edge of the quarrel you must either intrude or ask the respective owners. In either case it is the rationalizing element that plays the mischief! Impressionism and Expressionism are different aims, but the qualifying influence is, precisely, painting. More is said in the café than will survive the brush, and when what has been said in the café has been taken home and formulated by earnest writers, it is no wonder that the earnest reader should rub his eyes when he comes to the pictures. But apart from this difference between the products of the pen and the brush when dealing with the same ideas, it is the characteristic of all movements to be most obvious at the outside edge. At the moment the shallows engage attention, and the further you go into midstream the less you are aware of departure; but it is the midstream that goes on when the shallows are dried up, and, comparing centre with centre, you are apt to say: "Why, it is the same river after all!" So, in a sense, it is, but the soundings are different.

Certainly, to compare "Vernon, en Brouillard," by Monet, at the Goupil Gallery, with, say, "Le Couvent," by M. Marchand, at the Independent Gallery, is to revise what one had been told about the neglect of design by the Impressionists. Not less than the Marchand, the Monet depends upon the play of mass and proportion, and the facts are equally—and apart from the veiling of atmosphere—"digested into form." Or, to take the other Monets and the Sisley on the opposite wall, he would be an exacting critic who complained of a lack in them of design so far as the arabesque is concerned. Yet, for all that, there is a difference, and the simplest person, turning from these pictures to the Marchands, cannot but be aware of an enormous gain in solidity; a solidity which does not depend merely upon difference in atmospheric conditions, as between fog and clear sunlight, or spring and autumn. There is a difference in the sounding of space, in the architectural "plan" of the picture. To speak generally, the Impressionists arranged their pictorial drama with due æsthetic regard to stage Right and Left, but they were comparatively indifferent to movement Up and Down stage. Movement, advisedly, because they did not, any more than the Orientals, neglect the placing of their "profiles" in a succession that pleased the eye as well as explained the perspective. But the plan of an Impressionist picture would generally work out as parallel lines at effective intervals; whereas in a picture by M. Marchand the parallels would be joined up by zigzags, with design in every angle and proportion. Organization of back-and-forth is a tougher business than organization of side-by-side, and it is no wonder that some of the Expressionists, absorbed in the exercise and less firmly grounded in painting, should relapse upon geometry; but the merit of M. Marchand, emerging from Impressionism, is that he brings his sheaves with him. Moving about in worlds more fully realized, he is still the painter; and, if memory can be trusted, his progress has been from surveyor to poet with the brush. With ease of movement in all directions, he can indulge his full natural

sensibility to light, color, and atmosphere, and where he might formerly have argued he sings. To judge from his "La Maternité" he can sing not only about rocks and trees, but about the human form as it composes itself under the deeper emotions. There could hardly be a more poetical interpretation of anatomy, as distinct from the poetical evasion of it, than the limbs of the infant and the encircling arm in this picture.

But, allowing that the Expressionists—in the convenient, broader sense which would include M. Marchand—have made a further conquest of space, and further persuaded the facts of Nature into the forms of design, with a fuller and more immediate response to feeling, the differences between them and the Impressionists in the works before us would be less evident to the innocent eye than the similarities. Not only that, but the differences, such as they are, could be paralleled in painting before the terms were invented. Probably the two tendencies, though they happen to have succeeded as fashions in our time, have always existed side by side, since they undoubtedly correspond to habits of mind with, one may guess, a physiological foundation; and this gives us a clue to the reason why the similarities rather than the differences are more evident now than they might have been a few years ago. A medium, any medium, becomes flexible in proportion as it is mastered, and flexibility responds to feeling, which is more continuous and universal than thinking. We are likelier in our dreams than in our waking thoughts, and, though he will betray his deep-rooted habit of mind, his genius, the artist who masters his medium will resemble his fellows in general practice. This absolves the extremists of artistic movements from insincerity; the true explanation is that they are, comparatively, duffers in painting. What looks like singularity is often only defect of expression, and over-statement generally means that the artist has got "stuck" in his work. As time goes on, he either masters his medium or drops out; and what survives of any movement looks uncommonly like everything else. It is not that the leaders have gone back upon their convictions, but that they have adapted them to the common business of painting. There is, notoriously, a brotherhood of the brush as of arms; and while we others stand round and say: "Seize 'em!" Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Roger Fry exchange compliments over our heads.

There is, by the way, a curious illustration of the tendency of an artistic medium to reflect feeling and conceal opinion when it is mastered, in the exhibition of drawings, old and new, at the Leicester Galleries. Drawing has been described as a very personal form of art, and it is common to say that the artist reveals most of himself in his slighter works; yet, if there is one thing that strikes one more than another in looking at this exhibition, it is the effect of continuity. Waiving the question of quality, there is not, so to speak, all that difference between Guardi and Vlaminck, or Adrian van Ostade and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Something, of course, must be allowed for the comparative absence from drawing of the false distinctions which are made by subject, as also for the fact that its conventions—at any rate in line—are more compulsory; but even so the effect of individuality in continuity is remarkable. There is no paradox in this. One would hesitate to say that drawing is "easier" than painting, but it is certainly more direct and autographic; and, saying more precisely what he means, the artist is at the same time more personal and more universal. A moment's reflection shows that this is what happens in ordinary life; and real differences only emerge in common understanding. It might be rash to say that there will be no more "isms" or "movements" in painting, but the exhibitions of the moment encourage the belief that with a more general mastery and appreciation of painting as painting they will be less extreme.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

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